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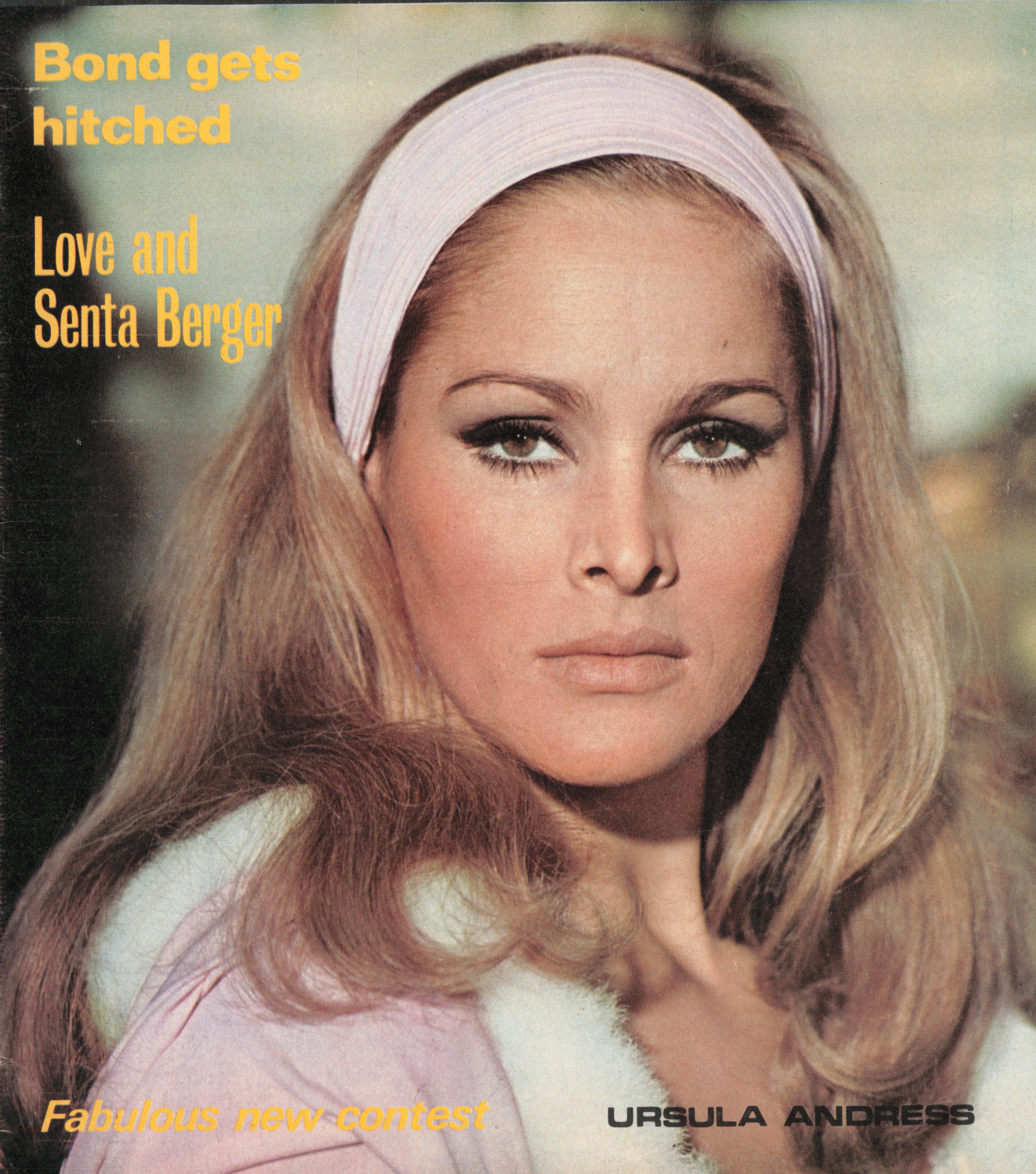

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inside SHOWTIME

SEPTEMBER 1966

- No. 33 (Vol. 3/No. 9)

Editor Peter Tipthorp ● *Assistant Editor* Tony Crawley

Art Editor Eddie Gillbe ● *Ad. Manager* June Crockford

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Girls galore: Ava Gardner, Sylva Koscina, Virna Lisi, Vanessa Redgrave, Elke Sommer, Rita Tushingham—and Alfred Hitchcock's 50th film, *Torn Curtain* in close-up.

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One of these girls becomes 007's wife

BOND GETS HITCHED

AKIKO WAKABAYASHI
26 and 35–23–35$\frac{1}{2}$

LETHAL

. . . can you guess which one it is?

THIS time last year, all we trusted spies in the 00-Division of cinespionage deduced that the next (i.e., fifth) Bond film would be *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* . . . in which Bond would get married and Brigitte Bardot would co-star.

Well, the new (i.e., fifth) Bond film is *You Only Live Twice*—and those millionaire movie-makers, "Cubby" Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, being ever cannily capricious, altered the story somewhat as well as their plans.

But poor James does make the final sacrifice and marry in this fifth film . . . and among his co-stars is Japan's BB (well, they have been known to copy most things there).

In fact, our agents inform us there are two main Oriental girls. And Sean Connery marries one of them . . .

But which one of these very attractive girls will become Mrs. Bond . . . ? Mie Hama or Akiko Wakabayashi?

A problem like this calls, I think, for a quick dossier check-over. To see which girl would be the most likely to make an honourable wife for 007.

MIE HAMA (nick-name "Hami") is playing a veritable Nipponese mermaid—the stunning diving girl Kisi Suzuki.

TO page 26

MIE HAMA—Japan's BB—22 and 35-23-35

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THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

snippets

Liz Taylor. On female critics: "They should be banned. They've given up comment or criticism in favour of being cute and clever and bitchy."

At last count, Sean Connery had picked up just over a million dollars from his *Goldfinger* percentage. And double that again from *Thunderball*. 00!!

Puckish move by Sinatra? He's thinking of buying an ice-hockey team.

Going West: George Hamilton has *The Long Ride Home* with Glenn Ford, and Bobby Darin gets a *Gunfight In Abilene*.

After his second and final Flint, James Coburn makes *Avec-Avec* in Europe.

Britain's first Playboy Playmate-Bunny, Dolly Read, has been screen-tested. She dates Trini Lopez.

New York has 400 cinemas! The biggest, Radio City Music Hall, seats 6,700. Queues start at 10 a.m., and I'm assured that even if *The Tony Crawley Story* was on, the place would be packed.

Don't call George Segal "the new John Garfield" any more. The new one is really John's son, David, who enters films in *Warning Shot*.

Liz again. On her role in *The Taming Of The Shrew*: "Typecasting — what else?"

BOND BATTLE —THE TRUTH

CHARLES FELDMAN cut an unusual image for the last of the big-time spenders. Not a cigar in sight! What he lacked in tobacco fumes, however, he certainly made up in oratory—demolishing all the rumours about his eight-million-dollar Bond film, *Casino Royale*. Starring: Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, Orson Welles, Woody Allen, David Niven as Sir James Bond, 007's beauties galore including Jackie Bisset as Giovanna Goodthighs!

"My main problem was only the availability of stars and studio space," Charlie told me, after completing the film in *three* British studios. "No, nothing else. The budget is only ten per cent more than I first envisaged.

"Sure, I wanted to use Sean Connery. Because of his 007-identification. I'd have paid him a million dollars. Fact, I had a deal with 'Cubby' Broccoli and Harry Saltzman to make the film. But they wanted to do it after *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. That would be 1970 sometime and I didn't wanna wait. So we dreamed up this idea of ours. No, not a comedy. A circus. Yup, a four-ringed circus!

"First of all no one wanted to be in it. Once they read our treatment, our plans for several Bonds—we got about six, I think—no one turned us down. Not even Shirley MacLaine or Rex Harrison." (They couldn't make it finally due to other films.) "A headache? Well, I needed sleeping pills at the start, that was all," said Feldman. "Frankly, I couldn't spare the time to deny every rumour. I'd never do all this again, though. Least not this way. Maybe for half-a-million."

Now it's all over, Feldman is delighted with his two-hour project, hailed as the spy film to end all spy films. Charlie doesn't agree. "This film won't end the spy-bit—it'll start it all over again."

One fact that was forgotten in all the *Casino* turmoil was that Feldman was making another film at the same time, which hardly won a news story—Rex Harrison's *The Honeypot*. His next project? The Calder Willingham novel, *Eternal Fire* —which, ironically, is where many a producer has been wishing Charlie during the last six months!

ANATOMY OF A KISS. Puckered participants are Ann-Margret and Tony Franciosa in *The Swinger*.

NICE NIECE. Nathalie Plemianikov is Paris-born. She's 17, a tall, lean model. Least, she was. Now she's in films. Her debut is in Roger Vadim's *The Kill*, which is hardly surprising as she's Vadim's niece. But, as the girl says: "I shall never call myself Vadim. My career—if I have one—will not depend on him at all."

PHEW...!

Free now of his hit TV series, Dick Van Dyke has calmly signed to make 14 films in six years—plus three one-hour colour TV-specials. Who's he signed with? Dramatic Features Inc., a brand new combine of which the president is . . . Dick Van Dyke!

Bond Battle II

With all the rivalry between the two Bond-making camps just lately, I have some interesting casting to reveal. The role of Tiger Tanaka, Japan's Secret Service chief in the fifth Broccoli-Saltzman 007 saga, is being played by Tetsura Tamba . . . whose first international film was *The 7th Dawn* which just happened to be produced by a certain Charles Feldman . . . !

NEVER AGAIN

FLASH . . .! Melina Mecouri is going to star in *Never On Sunday* for director Jules Dassin. Sounds like old news, but this time it's a Broadway musical. And while the film cost but 15,000 dollars, the show's budget is 500,000 dollars.

C-R-A-S-H

The big race between two Hollywood motor-racing epic films is off. While *Grand Prix* goes ahead around the racing circuits with a star cast, top racing aces and some spectacular equipment, Steve McQueen's *The Day Of The Champion* has crashed. Steve has been ordered to rest after a strenuous Far East location on *The Sand Pebbles*. I don't know who's more disappointed, McQueen or myself. Still, I'm sure that McQueen will make his motor-racing film in the not too distant future.

DEB'S DELIGHTS. In *Casino Royale*, Deborah Kerr has 12 daughters, all aged between 16 and 18. And none are twins or quins. "It's just that kind of picture," smirks Deb.

FUNNY GIRL. Barbra Streisand wants to play Shakespeare—Cleopatra or Juliet. With some different endings. "I saw Olivier's *Othello*," she comments. "Great! Sure, but after he strangled Desdemona, I was kinda hoping he would change his mind and give her some mouth-to-mouth resuscitation!"

FUNNY MAN. Benny Hill is writing himself a film. "All I need now is a director to take the blame for it." Any offers?

FUNNY FOOD. Royal Dano ate half his fake handlebar moustache during a lunch break on a new Hollywood Western. He didn't even know until he reported back for shooting . . . half a handlebar later!

FRANK'S FOE

TALK TO clever film actor Derren Nesbitt and you joyfully crash headlong into the funniest fund of farces since the Marx Brothers. When only a few months old he crawled on a music-hall stage in the middle of a typically blue Max Miller routine. From then on he was ever-enterprising. But as Derren often interposes in the centre of a choice cantation: "That's another story . . ."

Married to Anne Aubrey (and so happily, she's not keen on returning to films), Derren is making Frank Sinatra's life very hellish just now in *The Naked Runner*. He's the Iron Curtain heavy who kidnaps Frank's son to trap Sinatra in a little life-for-a-life ransom. To perfect his accent for the role, Derren called at the Czech Embassy with his tape-recorder. "I wanted to tape their accents," he explains. "But judging from their frosty welcome, I guess they thought it was a new MI5 idea to penetrate their security . . . Once their boss OK'd me, it was fine. They brought out bottles as well as accents, and we had a fine old party!"

Derren is currently on view as one of the intrepid German fliers in *The Blue Max*. Intrepid? Maybe. Flier? Never. He keeps away from planes if he can. He has a downright distrust of planes, stemming from the days when he toured virtually the world with his music-hall act parents, and once had the misfortune to fly over the Tasman sea . . . in an electrical storm. With some chimpanzees.

"We were rolling about for some nine hours," he recalls. "The plane dipped like mad. Chorus-girls flaked out like crazy. To crown it all, the chimps got loose. There they were, bouncing off the walls, falling, staggering and screaming all over the place. We tried to catch them in case they got hurt. Them! Never. We were the ones who got hurt—bitten, scratched. Chimps are gentle—phooey! Chimps in planes are murder.

"But did I ever tell you how I got through three different sets of Customs while returning from a Yugoslav location with 18 of Anne's suitcases . . . and no keys? No? Oh, but that's another story . . ."

RUNAWAY RAVE. Remember Lisa Gastoni—hardly off our screens in the early 1950's. She returned home recently and is suddenly the rave of Rome, as the gangster's hard-done-by wife in *Wake Up And Kill*. Compared to Lisa, said one voluble critic, "Cardinale, Lisi, Koscina and Spaak are mere sputniks flying into orbit carrying some pretty little dog . . . or else completely empty." High praise indeed. And after so many rapturously received imports over here, what a change to see the boot on the other foot.

Snap-its

BELGRADE'S Marilyn Monroe—that's Zorica Gajdas, all set to go international after a quick-fire European career. Hollywood director Nicholas Ray, a man with vast Yugoslav plans, took one look at the grey-haired (yes, *grey*!) girl with the superb shape, and signed her for *The Doctor And The Devils*.

Working at home, and Berlin, in such films as *The Wild West*, *One-Eyed Soldier* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Zorica is coping with Western views about girls. "Most writers call me sex-symbol — whatever means that," she exclaims. "I don't think of me as sexy. I play sexy girls, yes. But I am actress. Still learning my job."

VIA: Milorad Radulovic, Belgrade/Barbara Baker, Madrid.

MADRID was spun in a whirl, once stuntman-actor Dean Selmier hit town. With a borrowed £6,000 he surprised the grinning sceptics by starting his first film as producer, director, writer and star: "Like the Mafia, you need only one boss." Within a couple of months, he'd done it, coming up with a spoof of the whole 007 bit, "a cartoon for live people," defensively dubbed *Maybe You Don't Like It*. In case you do, he's already planning more. "My aim is the kind of films the world wants," he says. Well, time will tell. But Dean has proved himself already. He's a tough nut, original, with it, hep and unquestionably able. What's more he pays all his bills—and his cast and crew. And that in itself is quite a record among film makers visiting these parts.

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OUR COVER STAR...

URSULA ANDRESS

SINCE she first staggered our eyes and stole our hearts in *Dr. No* four years ago, Ursula Andress, Swiss born of German parents, has rarely been out of the cinema—or the headlines. This year has been no exception. The self-confessed "terribly lazy girl", who doesn't care about being a star, or about making films—"I won't worry if I never make another"—has been working harder, and better, than ever before: *Up To His Ear* with her friend Jean-Paul Belmondo; *The Blue Max* with George Peppard; and *Casino Royale* with, judging by the cast list, the whole world and his wife!

This has, apart from anything else, been the year of the sweet feel of success for Ursula. Yes, the feel of folding money . . . For her *Casino* caper, Ursula picked up a cool £200,000 salary from producer Charles Feldman—the very same man who, back in 1960, wanted to sign her to a contract for £250 a week!

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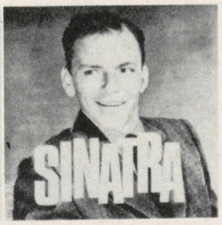

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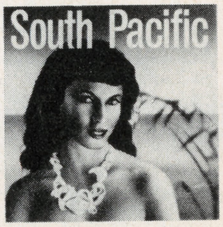

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SWAN LAKE

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They said:
GO FLY A KITE
— AND SO GEORGE DID!

SEAN CONNERY, Honor Blackman, Jean Paul Belmondo . . . more and more film stars seem to be doing their own stunts. But who ever heard of a star flying his own plane in his own film?

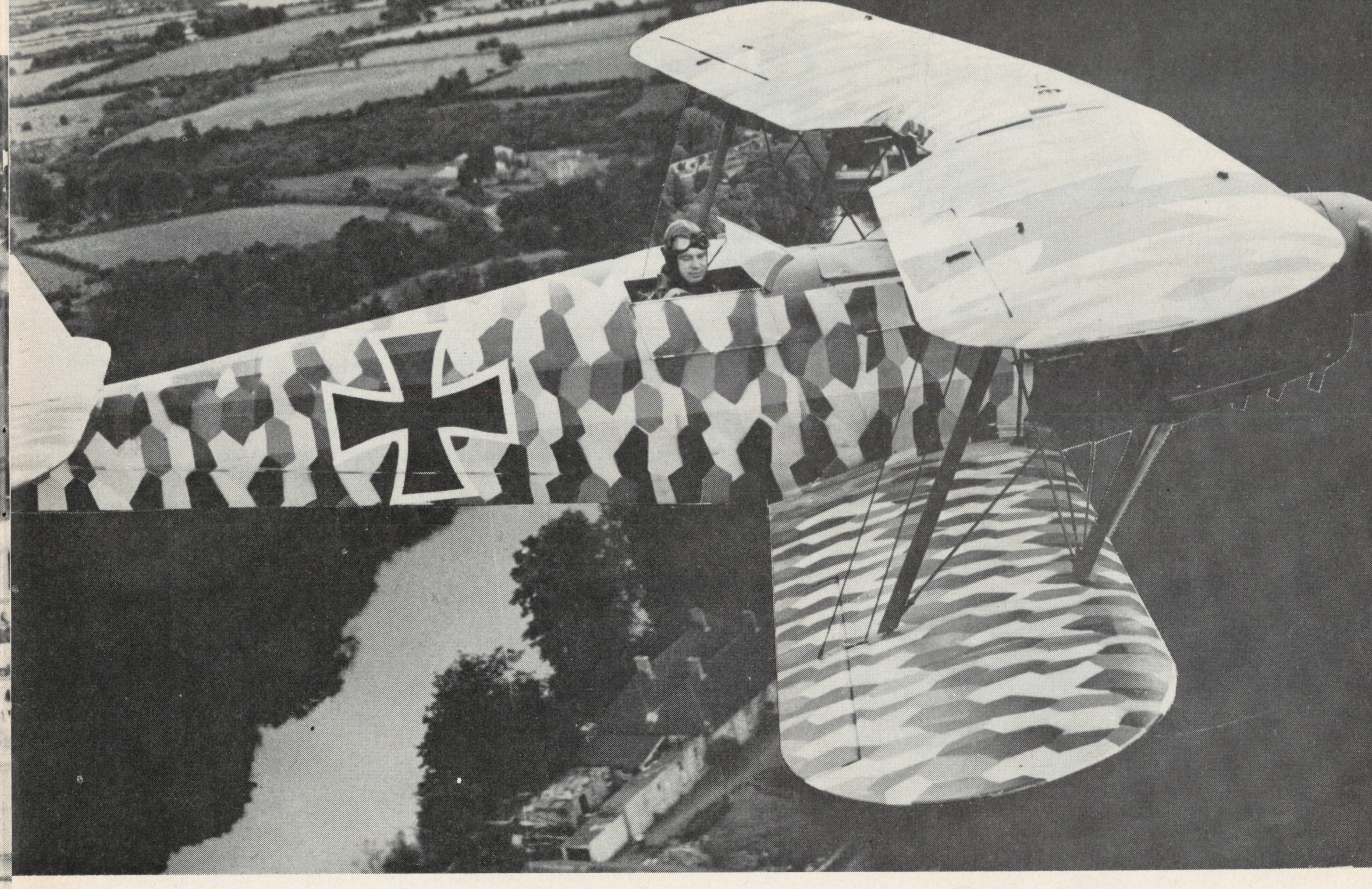
Never, you say. But that was before tall, rugged, Hollywoodian George Peppard had an idea. . . .

Now when Peppard is seen climbing into his cockpit, and trundling along the grassy field runways in *The Blue Max*, he is there all the time. And when the plane soars off into the blue, he's still there at the controls. Yes, it's Peppard, all right—flying his own kite.

"Frankly, I guess it won't make a scrap of difference to the audience, though," he sighs wryly. "Only to people like you and me . . . people who know. Everyone was convinced I flew the plane in *The Carpetbaggers*. All I did was to step out of it!"

I presumed it was this previous film-hit of his which had first sparked off Peppard's interest in flying. But I was wrong. "It started with this movie," he explains. "I'd never really flown anything until three months before we started shooting *The Blue Max* in Ireland. But as I'm playing a World War 1 ace, I thought it would be something unusual and unique if we could get shots of me up there . . .

"Nobody actually asked me to do it. I guess nobody dared to, or something. It was all my own idea. I discussed it with the director, John Guillermin, who thought it a good plan. Finally, he asked me if I would really do it. From that point on it became official and they even



paid for part of my flying lessons.

"I started in a Cessna 150 back home, and by the time I'd finished I had flown, oh, about a dozen different kinds of planes, including twin-engined craft. I figured the more I could learn about flying the better I would be in simpler planes like we have in the film.

"By the time I arrived in Ireland, I had about 220 hours' flying time, my private licence, a multi-engine rating, and I'd passed the written exam for my commercial licence."

Understandably, Peppard felt pretty good. Keen and eager to start flying for the cameras. Instead he had to wait until the end of the film's four-month schedule. "The insurance people insisted," he explains. "You know, just in case I flipped . . . and flopped!

"The shooting was kinda tricky," he goes on. "I'm up there, see, with a helicopter above me containing a crew and camera with a zoom lens. Then, whatever I'm doing, the chopper is able to get in real close—well, as close as possible—and zoom the lens in and out.

"Other scenes had to be shot with back-projection of clouds and sky in the studio, of course, because the chopper could never have gotten in close enough for the dramatic close-up scenes. That's what I mean when I say it won't make much difference to the public whether I flew for real or not. Sure does to me, though."

Peppard flies four old planes in the film, in fact. All faithfully and very expensively (£84,000) reconstructed for this superb film about the aces of the 1914-18 war, the first war to go into the air.

Naturally enough, after all this training—and the sheer enjoyment of the pursuit—Peppard wants to continue flying. Not with his own plane, however. "Could do that only over the dead body of my business manager," he laughs. "He wants me to rent a plane, not buy one. I see his point. They're much too damn expensive. Apart from the initial cost, there's the vast bills for maintenance and upkeep.

"It was a fight there for a while, I can tell you. I really wanted to buy that monoplane we used in the movie. That was a beaut! What's that? Take it in lieu of salary? Hah! Howdya give your agent ten per cent of an aeroplane?"

I was surprised that Peppard was more keen on the older, flimsier kind of plane, as opposed to the sleek and super jets of today. "Aw, come on," he grimaces. "You can buy a jet only if you've got 750,000 dollars loose. I've not got 750,000 dollars. Much less, loose."

Another good thing about flying, according to Peppard, is that it is the best way to travel in America. "For instance," he remarks, "Palm Springs is a favourite place of mine in the winter. They have a beautiful airport and it would be only 40 minutes' flying from Hollywood. Yet, in a car, it can take up to three hours in our kinda traffic . . .

"Then, of course, it's the only way to see the sun in Los Angeles; you fly above the smog! I love it; it's so quiet, uncluttered and relaxing in the air—once you're sure what you're doing. Crashes? Listen, a good pilot has to be aware of those possibilities. I'm aware. I just don't worry about it."

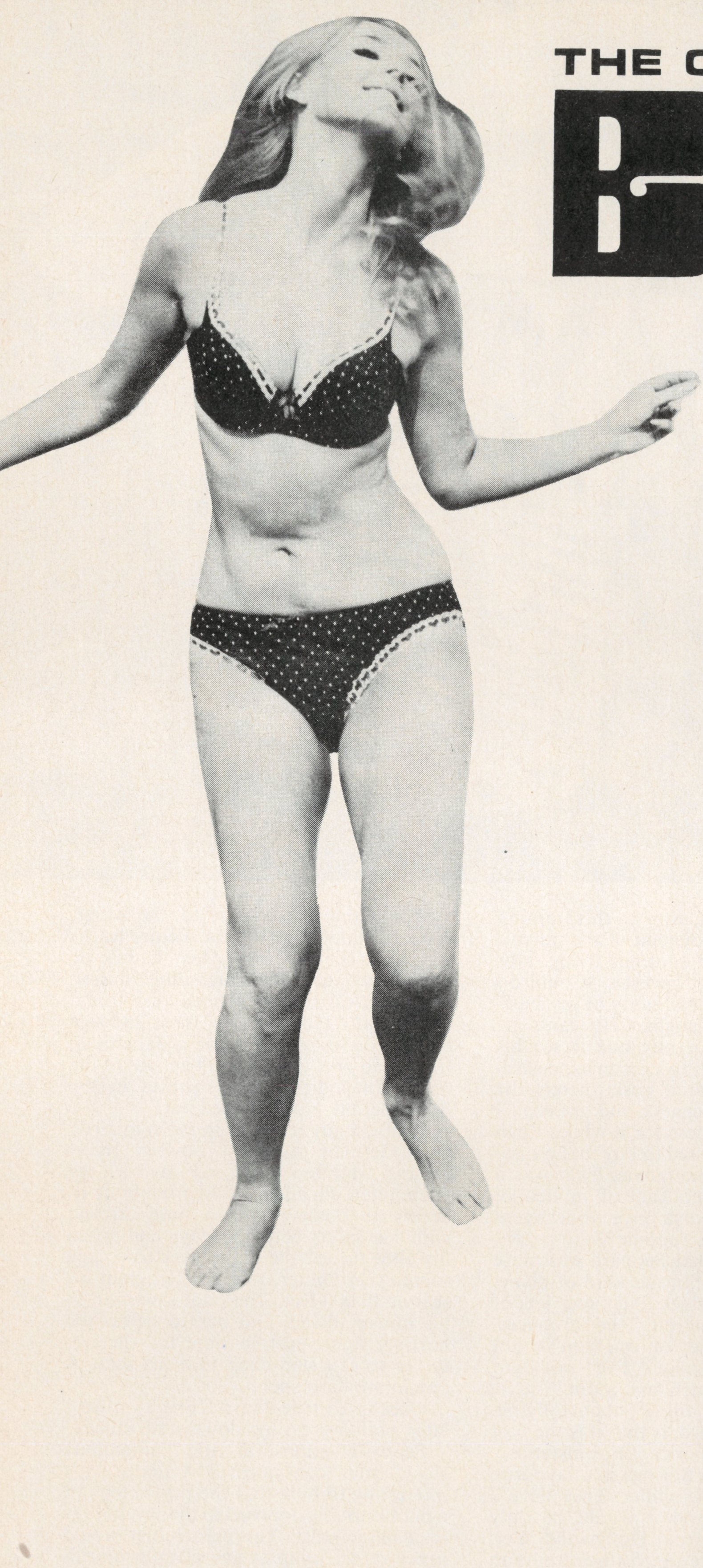
Should the worst come to the worst, Peppard should be all right. Before learning to fly for *The Blue Max*, hadn't he studied the art of parachuting during *Operation Crossbow*? "That's very true," he smiles. "However, in most modern planes you've no room for a parachute. If you had one, you couldn't get out of the door! They didn't have 'chutes in the '14-18 period—they just fell out!

"Once, a guy fell back in again in 1917. Our German technical adviser [Kurt Delang, who flew in the old war with the Richthofen squadron] told me about it. Seems an observer was a mite careless with his safety-belt one day, and when his pilot turned the plane over to escape some other fighter, this guy fell from his seat at 10,000-feet. The pilot saw it all in his mirror, dived, and passed below the hurtling figure just in time for the observer to fall slap-bang into his seat. A one-in-a-billion shot!

"Yeah, it's true—says Kurt. Two days later both were shot down and killed."

Peppard grinns at the miraculous story and continues: "Actually, it's interesting to note that the psychology of a pilot is totally opposed to the psychology of a parachutist. The parachutist would much rather jump at any given moment. But for the pilot, to jump is the last possible thing he wants to do. Me? I think as a pilot!"

And with that, George Peppard all but literally flies away—in his other conveyance to beat the Palm Springs traffic rush, his London-purchased Aston-Martin. However, I notice that there is no ejector-seat fitted for Peppard the pilot.



THE OTHER
BB joins

AFTER BB . . . meet BB. And after UNCLE . . . meet HARM. The initial-ideas are much the same as before. Only the names have been changed, to protect the innocent originals!

This particular BB, as easy on the eye as the greatest Gallic export, is Otto Preminger's *In Harm's Way* discovery, Barbara Bouchet: German-born, San Francisco-raised, ballet-trained, Hollywood-adopted and now espionage-adapted.

And HARM? Why, that's the Human Aetiological Relations Machine, what else? The vast counter-spy network, functioning on an international scale in the interests of the United States and (you'll be happy to know) the rest of the free world as well.

The bewitching Barbara meets the spy in the person of *The Agent From HARM*. He's super-intelligent (of course), ruggedly handsome (really?), indestructible (naturally) and nerveless (obviously). His name: Adam Chance, brought to lusty life by American TV star Mark Richman.

Barbara is Adam's Eve (Ava, actually). She says she's the scientist's niece. She isn't, as it happens . . . and in a spy-thriller like this, it usually happens.

And Miss Bouchet? She enjoyed her first taste of cinespionage so much, she flew immediately to London—chasing another spy-role—making a screen test, rather nakedly, in the arms of the new 007 in *Casino Royale*, Terence Cooper.

We believe Barbara got the role, but it's difficult to ascertain with a film as tightly guarded as *Casino Royale*. A film which is so much a top-secret that even one of its stars, David Niven, comments: "Must be the only picture about spies to be made entirely by spies."

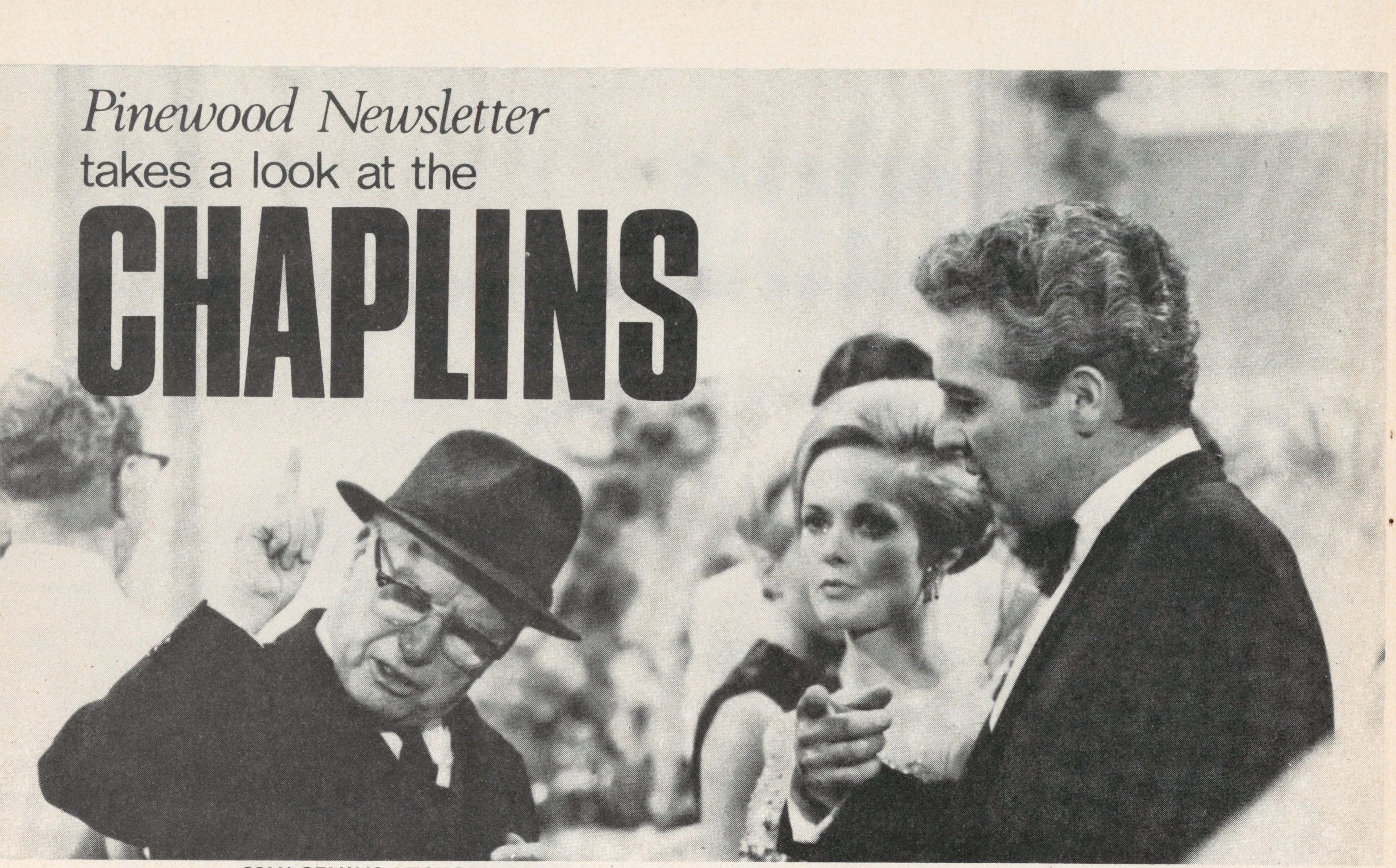
GERMAN-born Barbara Bouchet is the lastest I-spy delight.

THE SPIES

VILLAIN Rafael Campos snatches BB in her spy-debut.

HERO Mark Richman, of HARM, with ex-Bond girl Alizia Gur.

Pinewood Newsletter takes a look at the CHAPLINS



SSH! GENIUS AT WORK. Charlie Chaplin directs his son, Sydney, and co-star Tippi Hedren.

ONE of the friendliest people to work at Pinewood this year is Sydney Chaplin, son of the famous Charlie Chaplin. Unlike his dad, Sydney is always ready to chat with everyone. He is one of the most popular people working on *Countess From Hong Kong*, which Charlie directs.

Although Sydney's smile is every inch the famous Chaplin smile, he makes it quite clear he's never attempted to copy his father's style of comedy.

"I knew if I was anything like him I would be compared with him," he told me. "And what actor would want that? However," he added, "like dad I do prefer working in films to the theatre. I did 12 months with Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl* on Broadway and it was a great experience. But a year was quite enough. After that it becomes like working in a factory; day after day, night after night, turning out the same nut and screw."

Away from the set, Sydney is a clownish character. He is always on the look-out for a laugh. Like the time when his father and the star of the film, Sophia Loren, decided to leave one set and make for another just a stone's throw away. Charlie's bronze Rolls purred to life to take the director and star on the short journey—but they refused it. Not Sydney, however. He jumped aboard, sat elegantly in the back seat and, with the chauffeur at the wheel, followed at a snail's pace directly behind them, waving like royalty to the technicians as he went by.

In *Countess From Hong Kong*, Sydney plays the close friend of Marlon Brando, who also has a starring role. He is, of course, delighted to be working with his father, the great Chaplin. So, too, is everyone else connected with the film.

On the sets, Charlie commands tremendous respect from everyone. He appears looking rather like a well-dressed gardener, wearing black trilby, dark flannels and light grey jacket.

His wife, Oona, motors daily to Pinewood to be by his side constantly. When ever they can, all the members of the Chaplin family arrive at the studios and cluster around the set. When the younger Chaplins get a little excited Oona will raise a slender finger in warning.

Although he is far from being the easiest person in the world to get on with, Chaplin is marvellous with children. On one occasion his youngest daughters brought several school-friends to watch the shooting. To their delight he produced a pack of cards and offered to show them some tricks. They noticed, however, that while he was shuffling them he whistled. Finally, one of the children asked: "Why, Mr. Chaplin, do you whistle while you are shuffling?" Chaplin smiled. "I whistle," he said, "in the hope it will distract you from the clumsy way I am handling the cards." And the whistling continued . . . only louder.

French director Francois Truffaut, who filmed for the first time outside his own country at Pinewood, burned hundreds of books in scenes for his Julie Christie–Oskar Werner drama, *Fahrenheit 451*. The film, adapted from a story by Ray Bradbury, is set in a society of the future in which all books are banned.

When the book-burning scenes were being prepared Truffaut, instead of ordering cheap, old volumes, asked for newly-printed, expensive novels.

Hundreds were required and, day after day, vans and cars arrived loaded with new orders. They included classics by the dozen and art-books costing up to £8 each.

"I must have authenticity," was Truffaut's comment. "When I film a book in close-up it must look right."

Warren Beatty, completing *Kaleidoscope* at Pinewood, has his own way of keeping fit: "I do forty press-ups after each day's filming and I take a 15-minute nap at lunchtime. I also supplement a high protein diet with a carefully balanced stock of vitamin pills."

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What I like most about being in love

Peter Tipthorp flies

Europe's busiest young

THEY said I would find Senta Berger waiting for me in the grounds of Berlin's Freie University, where she had been filming that day. And, sure enough, that's where I found her, reclining on the lawn enjoying the early evening sun.

Now if you know anything at all about Miss Berger you will need no convincing that a more agreeable sight than her relaxing amid the flowers, with the elegant University building peering through the trees in the background, would be difficult to imagine.

The flowers? The building? *Who is kidding who?* With a girl like Senta around, such things do not exist. Her figure is a knock-out; her hair is the colour of ripe chestnuts; and when she smiles, her fine, strong teeth gleam white and her lucid sea-green eyes sparkle with friendly humour.

Amazingly, the girl can act too. In *The Victors*, *Major Dundee* and her latest film, *Cast A Giant Shadow*, there may have been only a hint of her talent. But in *The Quiller Memorandum*, the film she has just completed with George Segal and Alec Guinness, she has a role which gives her an opportunity to shine. And, according to her producer, Ivan Foxwell, she doesn't waste it.

Despite her stunning good looks, her considerable talent and a lucrative film contract, however, the one thing the 25-year-old Austrian actress has not found, until recently, is security. And that, she will tell you, is, to a woman, a vital ingredient for happiness.

"Security. It's the most difficult thing for a woman—and particularly an actress—to find," said Senta when I joined her. "Of course, women are by nature far less secure than men and that's why they are eager to fall in love. Some women may marry for money, but money alone doesn't

to Berlin to meet star . . . Senta Berger

bring security. We are fooling ourselves if we think that. Love brings security. It has brought it to me. It's wonderful being faithful to a lover or a husband. And the very business of being faithful, of belonging to someone, brings security.

"I'm not so sure, however, that it happens that way with a man. I think, if anything, love can make a man insecure and anxious. He is frightened that he will be dominated or that he will make a fool of himself. I don't blame him for this. I'm not saying that all women are more faithful than men. We go to extremes: we are better or worse than men. We don't go far enough or we go too far. Also, in recent years, women have tried to dominate. In America, in particular, women have become frighteningly domineering. In fighting for their rights they've become bullies. I think now we are becoming soft again—and I'm glad. Provided a man doesn't start banging the table and laying down the law, I'm all for him dominating a marriage. But I would despise a man who acted tough. It would mean he lacked character."

Senta turned her head to the dipping sun, enjoying the warmth on her face.

"The life I have now is wonderful," she said. "I am content. I've had all the struggles I want, although I am sure they had nothing to do with my insecurity. People have suggested that I need success and wealth because I had so little when I was a child and because I had a bad time during the war. It's not true. I was in Vienna during the war and I remember everything quite clearly. It wasn't so terrible. My mother and father weren't killed or anything awful like that and, although my mother sometimes had to steal eggs to feed the family, we didn't starve.

"Oh, there were some bad experiences and sometimes, even now, I dream about them. I dream about one experience in particular. I was four at the time and my grandfather asked my mother to go to his house because he wanted us to be together at the time of the heavy bombing. It took my mother four hours to walk to his home with me on her shoulders. When we arrived, we went down to the cellar. It was lucky we did because, soon after, the plaster started falling from the walls, there was a smell of smoke and terrible noises. When we went up we found my grandfather's house had gone. It had been bombed and there was nothing left. Nothing at all.

"After the bombing, my mother took me on her shoulders again. We walked through the streets and I saw the Opera House burning. That was the worst experience of all because people were lying in the streets and others were crying and the air was hot with flames. I still feel ill when I hear an ambulance. But that's all; that and the dreams. The war did nothing else to me. Other people in Vienna had a far worse time."

TURN page

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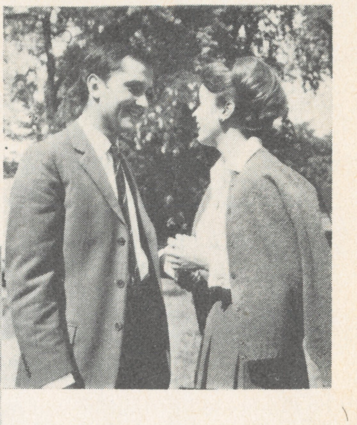
What I like most about being in love



And the reason why is this "wonderful man in my life"—Senta's fiance. He is Dr. Michael Verhoeven, an ex-actor who wants to be a children's surgeon.

FROM overleaf

Senta had been serious for a while; now she flashed me the famous Berger smile.

"I was lucky then but I am even luckier now," she said. "My career is going well and there is a wonderful man in my life. Michael (Verhoeven) comes from an acting family. He started off as an actor but it didn't make him happy. He feels a man should have a real profession and he doesn't consider acting is. He wanted to be a doctor so he went to medical school. Now he works in a hospital in Munich. He wants to specialise as a children's surgeon.

"I'm glad he's out of show business. It's very difficult if you are both in it because it means you are so often apart. And separation is, I am sure, the one real problem in show business marriages. I don't believe, for instance, that rivalry leads to a break-up. Is it so terrible if one partner has a bigger career? After all, what does it mean? More money and your name bigger on the poster. Respect is the important thing in this business, and you don't have to be a big box-office star to get it. Take that wonderful man Sir Alec Guinness, whom we are lucky enough to have in this picture. He isn't considered a big box-office star, but everyone respects him. I remember the other day we were filming in a building and the porter came up to me. '*Is Sir Guinness here?*' he asked. I told him Alec wasn't and his face almost dropped to the floor. '*Then I'll come again tomorrow*,' he said. '*I can't miss this opportunity of seeing him.*'

"I am very anxious to be respected," Senta continued. "I have been called a sex bomb, which I find strange because I have never worked for it. I'd rather be thought a good actress. It's funny, too, that some people think I have an explosive temperament. Me explosive? I just can't see it. I suppose it's a story that has got around. That sort of thing happens easily in show business. I always try to make a point of judging people by what they say of others rather than what others say of them. You get closer to the truth that way.

"Of course," she added, "there is a danger that this business will make a woman tough. It's a hard world and the girls get no favours. If you are not careful you find yourself behaving more like a man because you are competing against men all the time. I try always to be feminine and it does help. Technicians open the door for me or give up a seat. I enjoy being spoiled . . ."

It was cooler now so we walked back to the building where the unit was packing up after the day's filming.

As we walked, Senta said: "I suppose it's selfish of me to carry on with my career but I enjoy it and, coming from an acting family, Michael understands all of the problems. Anyway, I'm not going to let films take over my life. I'm doing other things. I'm learning to cook. It's easier than I thought. I'm also learning to press trousers. That's more difficult. But I do realise the importance of knowing how to do these things.

"We have bought a house near Michael's hospital in Munich and I want to run it myself. I think you take a lot of fun out of marriage if you get other people to do things for you. To me, being a woman is far more important than being an actress. And a woman must know her way around a kitchen, mustn't she?"

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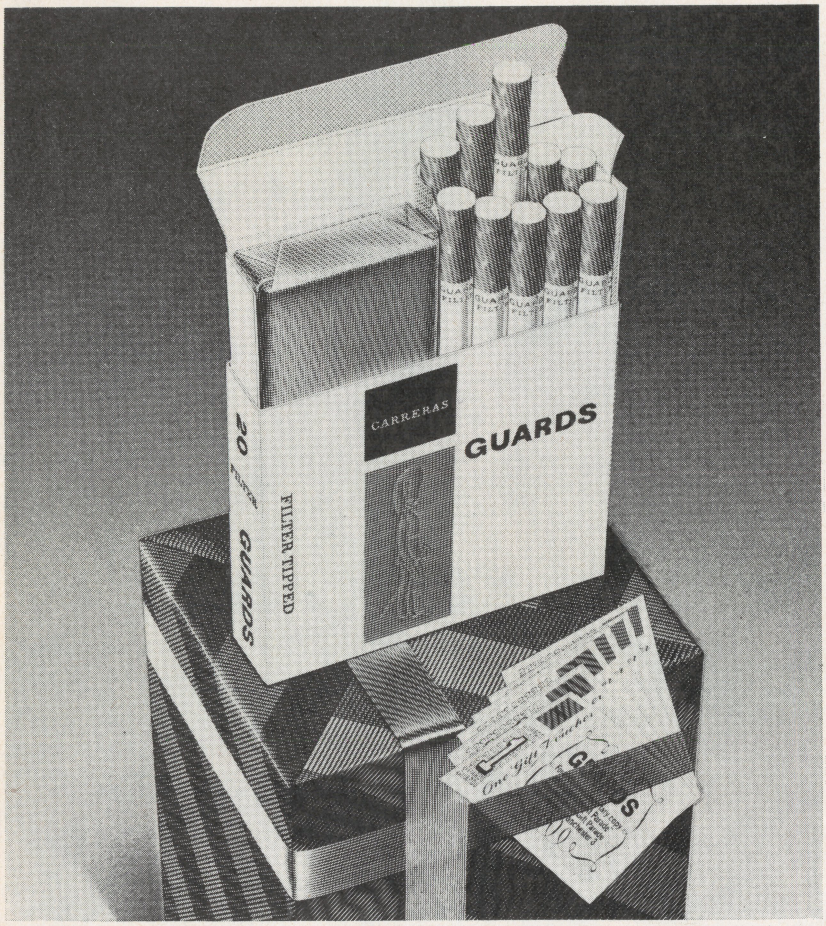

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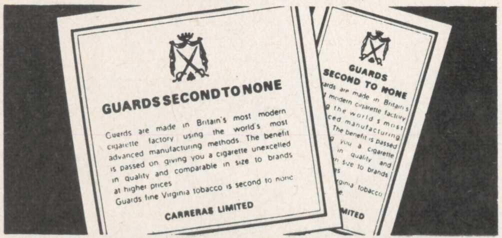

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Why I am going back to Hollywood

Juliet Mills talks frankly about her career and her future

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. That's Maureen O'Hara and Juliet Mills in *The Rare Breed*—a very high-spirited couple.

JULIET MILLS wrinkled her trim little nose, flashed her bright blue eyes, and suddenly, out it came: "Why," she pleaded, "why can't I play a Cockney whore in Britain . . . ?"

What's more important, you may well ask, is where IS Juliet Mills these days? Where is this eldest child of the Mills family? The girl who soared to fame in West End plays, only to be cruelly overshadowed on the screen by her younger sister, Hayley.

Juliet has been in Hollywood, and it was during her stay that I dropped in to see her at the spacious house she and her husband, American song-writer Russell Alquist, rent from veteran actress Gladys Cooper.

As she poured tea, I asked Juliet about a story in a Los Angeles paper which reported her as saying: "I hate Hollywood. It is phoney and shallow. Insecure and dull."

"That is simply not true!" Juliet exclaimed. "I love Holly-

TO page 46

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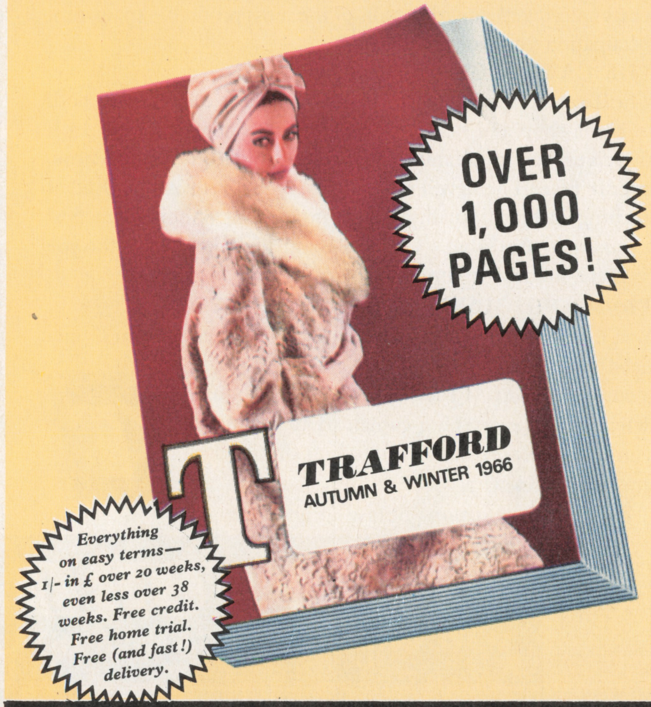
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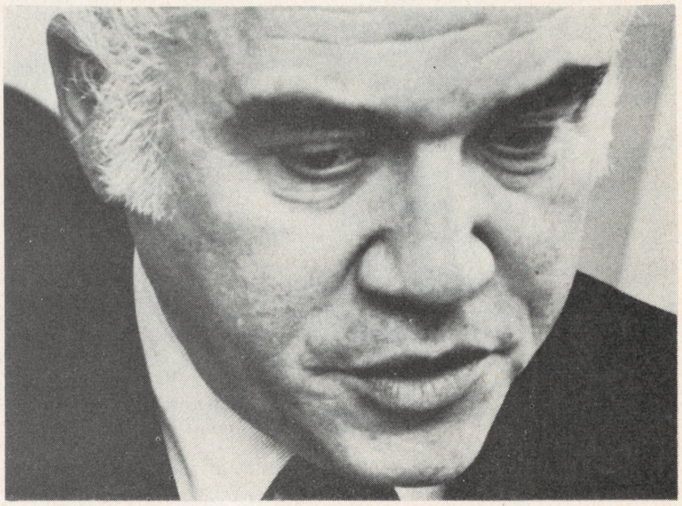
A

The Dick Tatham Column

HOW I CHANGED BEN CARTWRIGHT

— Lorne Green talking



ONE day late last year I arrived on the Mediterranean island of Ibiza to find the locals in a state of pop-eyed wonderment. Television had arrived. And what did I find showing in the lounge of my hotel? *Bonanza!* Yes, *Bonanza* dubbed in Spanish.

It shook me. But it shouldn't have done. I have since learned that this mass-appeal Western marathon (first seen in Britain in 1960) is shown in 62 countries and is reckoned to have a viewing figure of around 300 million.

I was therefore duly intrigued to meet Lorne Green . . . and I found *Bonanza*'s Ben Cartwright to be as striking in real life as he appears on the screen: a tanned six-footer with a wrestler's build and clearly in superb shape for 51. The thick thatch of silver hair you see on television is, I assure you, all his own. And, as we talked, his personality came across as vigorous, friendly and keen-humoured.

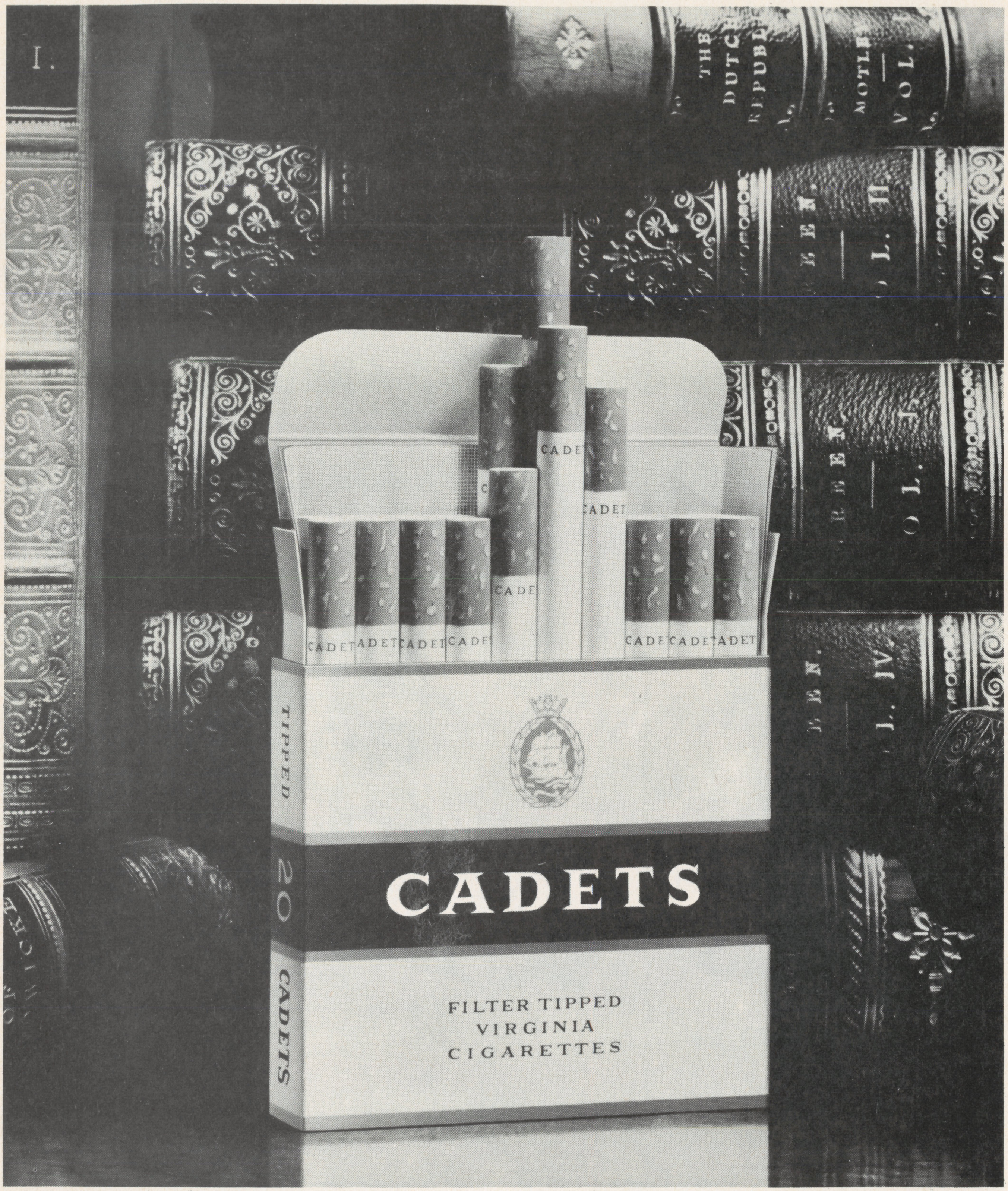
"You know," he said, "I get a kick out of being in a long-running show like this, and out of knowing that my portrayal of Ben Cartwright has at least something to do with its popularity. But—goddammit—I shall never forget the struggle I had in the early days to get the character the way I wanted it.

"For the first seven or eight scripts, there I was as Ben Cartwright—the patriarch. I sat sternly on my horse with the Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other. I was a paragon of everything. I never made a mistake. I had iron self-discipline. I knew all that was going to happen. I said to the producer: '*This isn't a human being. This is God!*' So they let me make mistakes.

"Then I argued: '*Why must I always be so stern and unyielding? According to the script I have been married three times. That means I must have some sorta charm—or else those broads were idiots.*' So they let me have charm and a sense of humour.

"Then there was that business of when a stranger arrived. I would get my rifle at the ready, give him a black look and come out with the same line every time: '*What are you doing on the Ponderosa?*' More I thought about this, the more ridiculous it seemed. Here was the Cartwright family—miles from anywhere. No radio. No phone. No news of the outside world. So—darn it—I ought to *welcome* the stranger. Invite him in for a meal. Ask if we could put him up for the night. Get all the news out of him we

TO page 37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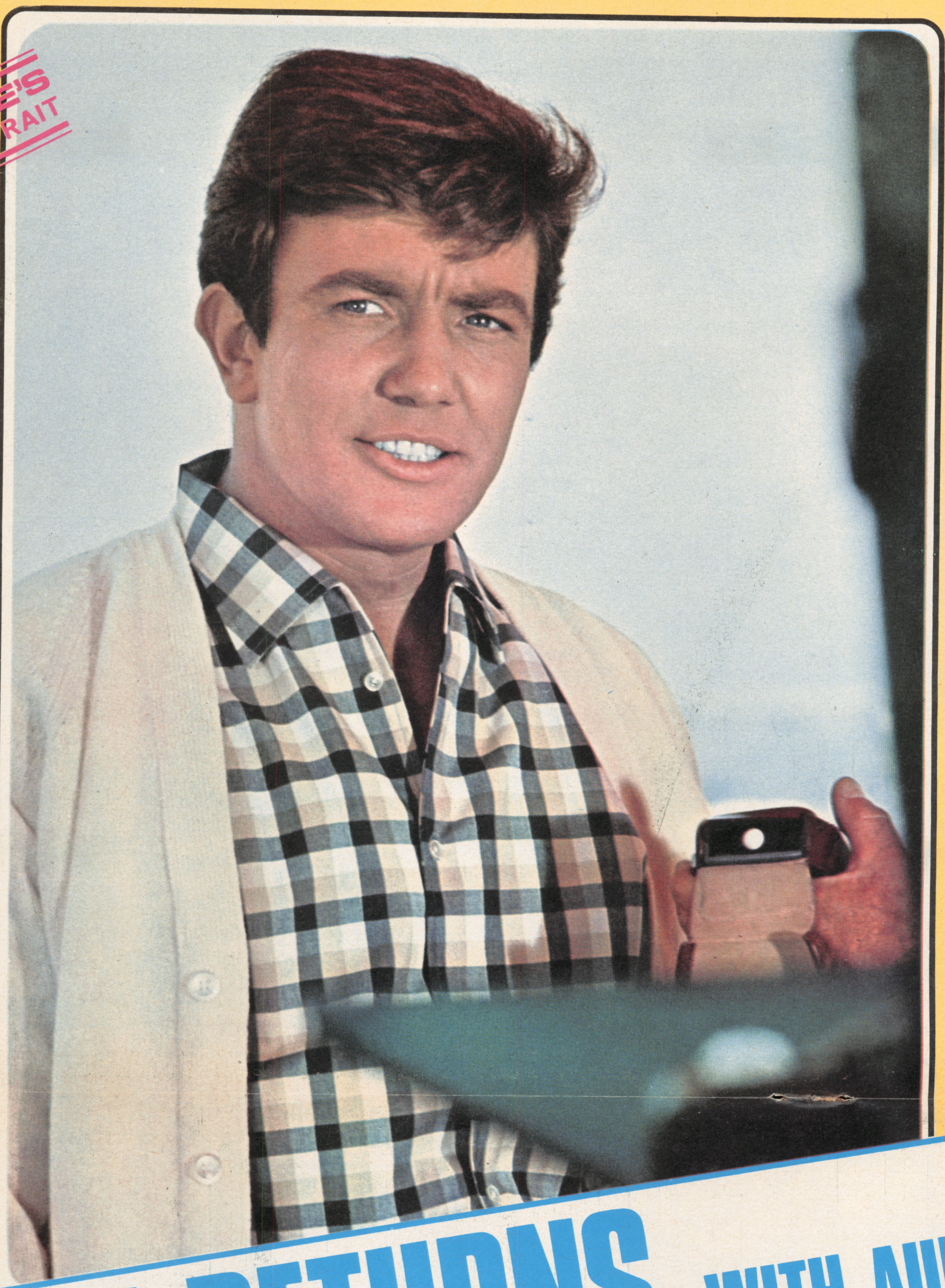
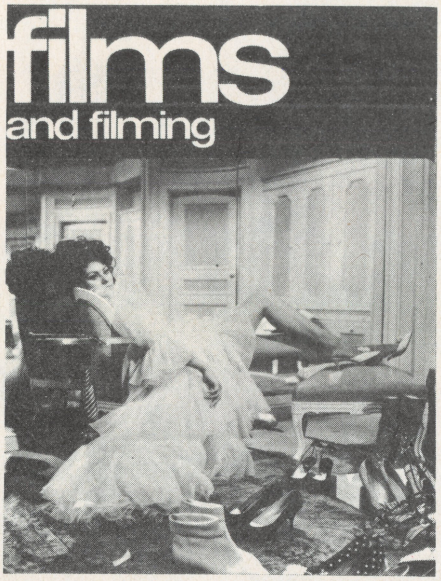


AT LAST Albert Finney is back before the cameras. The runaway star sensation who ran away from stardom for two years — a sabbatical around the world in 12 months, plus a year at the Old Vic—revives his screen career in *Two For The Road*, with Audrey Hepburn. This story of a marriage, from courtship to divorce, told over several Continental holidays, is directed by Stanley (*Charade*) Donen and written by the double Oscar-winning *Darling* writer, Frederick Raphael. Next for Albie: *Charlie Bubbles*, which he will star in and direct.

PIERLUIGI PHOTOS

ALBIE RETURNS—WITH AUDREY

You'll **THRILL**
and you'll **TINGLE**
when you read the ***NEW***



films and filming, the magazine for film-lovers, contains sixty-eight pages of hand-picked stills from the world's best films every month. Some are raw, a few are wicked and many are beautiful, but no real lover of the cinema will want to miss them. Every month in **films and filming** are articles and gossip you cannot read elsewhere. Once you read **films and filming** you will always want it—order this September issue with its cover of Sophia Loren in full colour from a newsagent today. Show him this advertisement or send 3s (stamps accepted) for your copy to **films and filming,** 16 Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW1 who will rush you a copy by return, post free.

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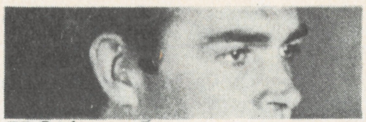


HITCHED

FROM page 5

Often hailed by her Press as "the Japanese Brigitte Bardot," 22-year-old Hami was a Tokyo bus conductress with no other great aspirations in life until she visited the mighty Tokyo studios during a holiday. There she was promptly asked to come again and make a film. That was five years—and 67 films—ago!

"Ironically, my bus work helped prepare me for the life of an actress," smiles Hami through her necessary interpreter. Everyone smiles. "I then had to get up early every morning and work long hours on my feet all day long. That part is still with me as an actress."

AKIKO WAKABAYASHI, 26, has an unforgettable, if tongue-twisting name. She plays Suki, the very, but very, sexy secretary to Japan's Secret Service chief, Tiger Tanaka. Suki did not appear in the original Fleming story: she's an extra attraction—and how!

"I wanted very much this role," she smiles. And what a smile! "I think it suits me very much. However, I was still very uneasy when they finally told me I had been selected from all those other contenders. There is always so much world publicity for a Bond girl. It is, I feel, a very great responsibility."

"Suki," according to Akiko, "is a bright and breezy, confident young career woman—the type of girl I admire velly much. She comes to admire James Bond velly much and spends a good deal of time with him . . .

"Apart from, hmm, anything else Suki may show," she continues, "she will prove to the outside world that today's modern, liberated Japanese girl is proficient in much more than flower arrangement."

Akiko, 35-23-35½, comes eminently qualified to delve—and investigate—the hectic world of James Bond. She has played policewomen, secret agents and spies galore in many of her 60-odd films and TV productions since 1957. "I'm usually the other girl," she grins widely. "I lose the men in my films. I win them only on TV!"

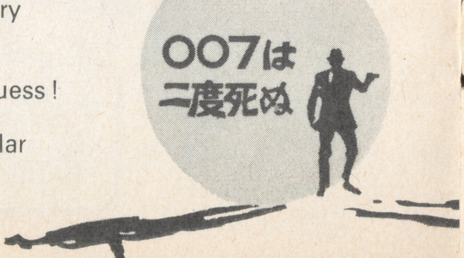
If director Lewis Gilbert is pleased ("and I am, I am") Akiko is even more delighted. "I was about to quit acting," she says. "I have been playing too many silly girls and could not get a good drama or thriller."

While Hami is the Westernised Japanese girl, Akiko is much more a kimono-fan and traditionalist. Even so, she is the first to admit she hardly fits the cool, porcelain idea of Japanese beauty. For Akiko is a smoulderer, with a fuller mouth, wider eyes and darker skin than the standard beauty of the Orient.

"I look more like a South-West Asian, a girl from Saigon, perhaps," she explains, again through her necessary interpreter—for although she has made films as far afield as Germany and Italy ("one was called *Akiko* after me!") she speaks only Japanese.

Well, which do you think is the most likely choice for Mrs. 007? The swinging, modern, with-it chick, Hami—or Akiko, the non-English-speaking, kimono-wearing traditionalist? The answer is . . . **MIE HAMA.**

So the smouldering beauty who was a bus conductress in Tokyo and had few ambitions in her life, finishes up scoring higher than any previous girl in the femme-filled history of the Bond films. And what he'll do with her interpreter is anyone's guess! The answer will be in a little seven-million-dollar film entitled . . .



DISCS

THERE is no doubt about it. If Dudley Moore ever wanted to give up his work as a comedian he could return full-time to his Trio and never be out of a job.

Genuine Dud—The Dudley Moore Trio (*Decca*) proves my point. It is a sparkling and sophisticated album with never a dull moment.

Dud begins the LP with the *High Society* favourite, *Samantha*, and follows this with a lesser known number, *Yesterdays*, featuring Chris Karan on the drums. Track three is a bossa nova, *Field Day For Shirley* (Dud's own number), and this side ends with *Straight Life*, a most unusual piece which gives the boys every opportunity to show their individual talents.

Side two starts with a simple number, *Exactly Like You*. As Dud says, "This track is the most innocently happy on the album."

Next comes one of my own favourite songs, *If You Were The Only Girl In The World*, and the Cole Porter number, *You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To*. The album ends with another Moore creation, *Blues For Boots*, and *Fly Me To The Moon*, which, to get a more original jazz sound, the Trio has speeded up.

Jazz fans shouldn't miss this excellent L.P. It is refreshing—and it's fun.

● ***The Twelve String Story*** (*London*) was, if you believe the sleeve note, an extraordinarily difficult album to produce. It required the gathering together of some of America's outstanding guitarists and recording them individually in various locations. The purpose of the LP is to display the amazing versatility of the twelve-string guitar and also to showcase the virtuosity of 12 of the nation's most accomplished instrumentalists.

The LP succeeds splendidly in doing this; it is an exciting example of what can be done with a simple instrument when it is put in the hands of a master.

My favourites: *Walkin' Gospel*, with Dick Rosmini providing a bluesy arrangement of the traditional hymn; *Six By Twelve*, in which Joe Maphis produces some fantastic sounds; *Cotton Fields*, with some unique jazz phrasing from Howard Roberts; and *Nashville Blues Ramble*, in which Billy Strange cleverly combines traditional and modern jazz phrasing.

● ***Oklahoma!*** (*MFP*) is lucky to have the talented Anne Rogers as one of its stars. This excellent young singer hasn't yet reached the popularity she deserves. However, hear her sing such songs as *People Will Say We're In Love; Out Of My Dreams;* and *Many A New Day*, and I'm sure you will agree that, like Julie Andrews, she deserves a chance in films.

Miss Rogers has excellent support from Tony Adams, Cheryl Kennedy and Betty Winsett. Alyn Ainsworth and his Orchestra provide admirable backings for this exhilarating and well-loved show.

● The Rolling Stones recorded ***Aftermath*** (*Decca*) in Hollywood and it is a considerable success. There's nothing new in the Stones' style, but I find the songs more varied and interesting than on their previous LPs. It's still their best disc of the year and the sales reflect its popularity.

All the selections were written by Mick Jagger and Keith Richard; all the arrangements were handled by the group; and the producer was their own Andrew Oldham. But why go all that way to Hollywood . . .?

● Would you recognise a Duke Ellington record made as long ago as 1933? You can answer that question by listening to an LP titled ***Great Big Bands*** (*MFP*), which features a number of tracks from three of the greatest names in big band jazz. All were recorded more than 30 years ago.

Duke Ellington's orchestra is the most famous of the three and you will notice, when hearing his tracks, that even in those early days he had established a sound that was instantly recognisable. The four Ellington numbers—*Merry-Go-Round; Sophisticated Lady; Down A Carolina Lane;* and *I've Got The World On A String*—are perfect examples of the kind of music that took him to the top.

No less impressive are the other bands included: Fletcher Henderson's and Benny Carter's. Henderson was one of the most influential jazz arrangers in the thirties and forties; Carter, apart from still being one of the best arrangers in the business, is a brilliant alto-saxophonist.

This is a fascinating album . . . as fresh as the day it was recorded.

SUSAN DELL

THINK BEACH

THINK OF WHITE SANDS, FROTHY WAVES AND A BRISK LITTLE BREEZE LAUGHING ITS WAY IN FROM THE SEA.

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THINK HOW AWFUL IT WOULD BE IF YOU COULDN'T GO—THIS WEEK-END, SAY—BECAUSE OF YOU-KNOW-WHAT.

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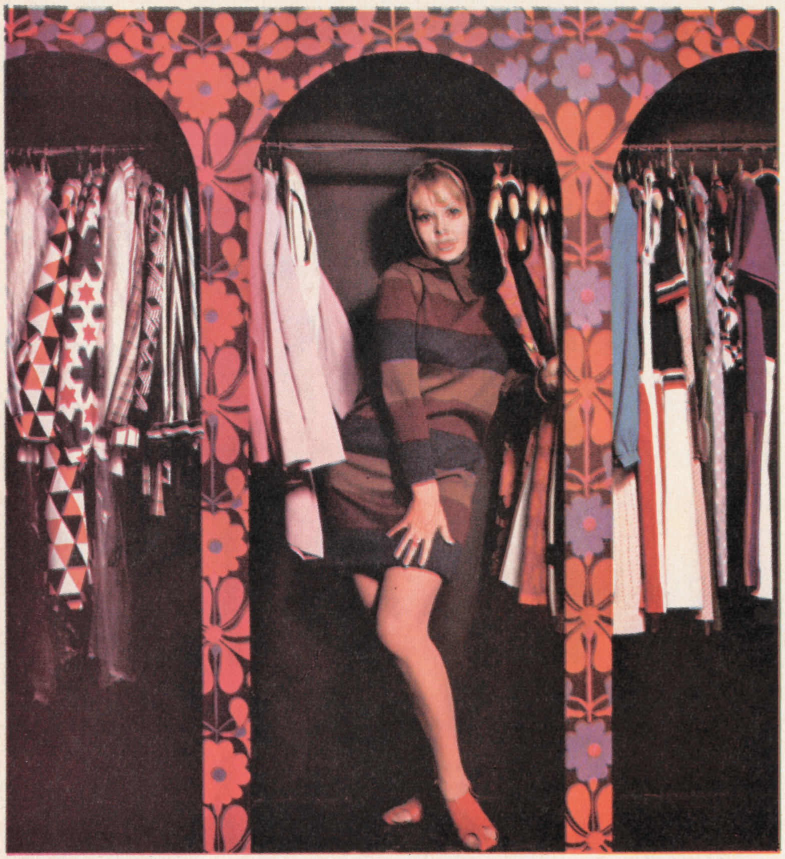
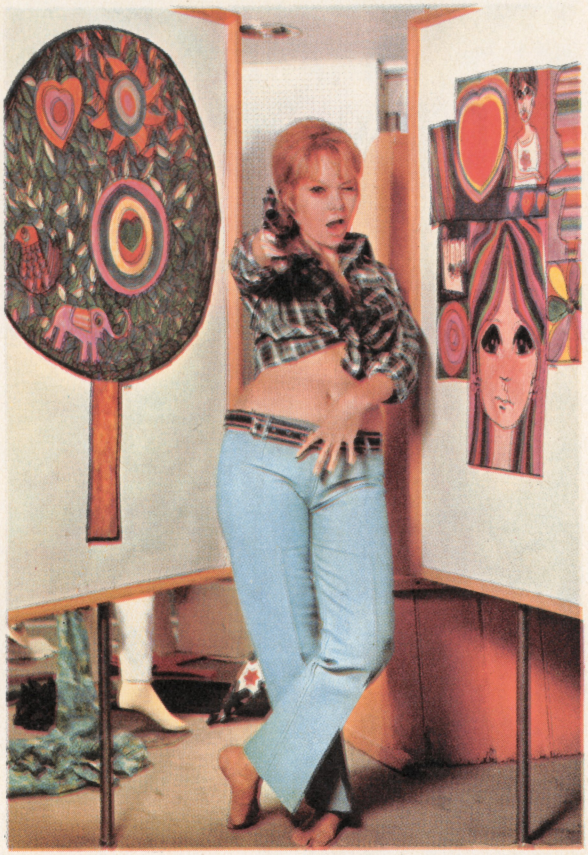
TEENY. All girls love a bikini. None more than our sun-loving Aussie, Judith Arthy, from Brisbane. Certainly her 36–24–36 figure looks a true down-under "beaut" in this Bri-nylon bikini—the pants having been turned down to Judith's own special level . . .!

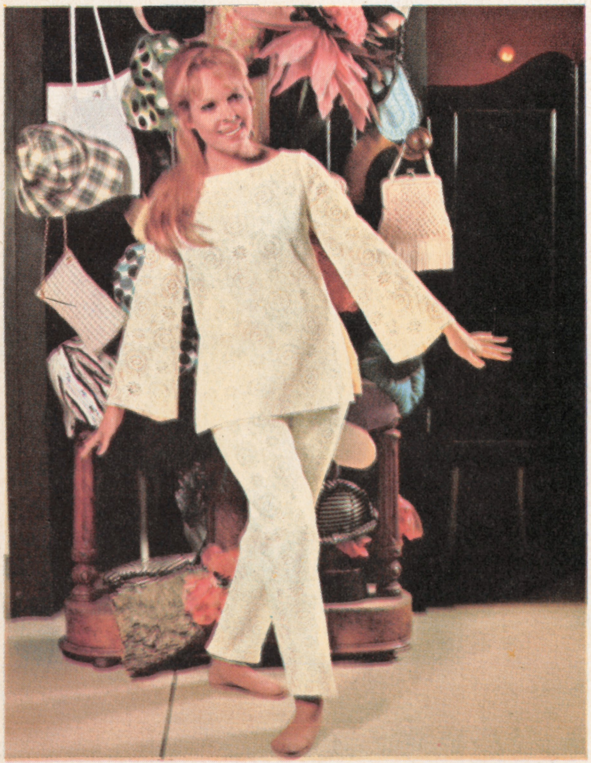
MARC SHARRATT PHOTOS



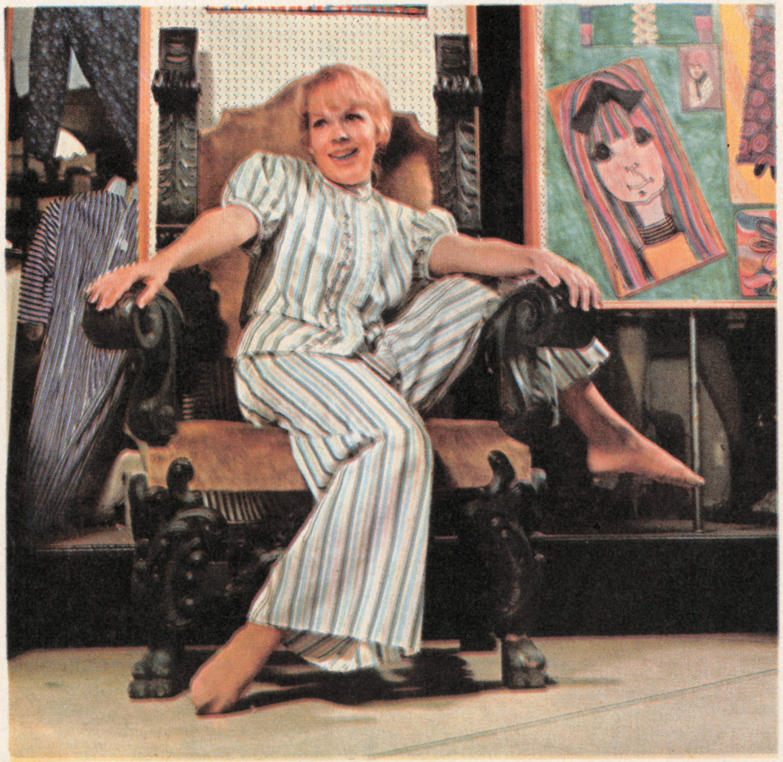
STRIPEY. Judith wouldn't take off this high-necked, striped jersey dress—not until she bought it for her new "swinging London" wardrobe!



EASY. Time to relax, cow-girl style, in tailored blue jeans and a nifty check shirt.



LACEY. Made for sun and cocktail parties, this trouser suit comes in cream, white or blue lace.



LAZY. Lounging pyjama suit in tricel—and a hint of Jean Harlow! Designed by *Generation's* own design-brain, Terry Nash.

FILM stars, pop personalities and models travel miles to buy their clothes at London's famous shop, *Generation Boutique*. "If it's *in*," they say, "it's in *Generation*!" And, in this new Showtime contest, we give you an opportunity to win, not only a day out in London, but also a visit to *Generation Boutique* and up to **£50 worth of clothes** which you can select personally from the huge and exciting range available. If you live out of London we will arrange the visit for you.

Just to give you an idea what kind of clothes you will find at the boutique, we took along Australian actress **Judith Arthy** to model a few outfits. Judith, who has just completed *They're A Weird Mob* and *The Shuttered Room*, was delighted with what she saw and we have little doubt that our lucky prize winner will be delighted, too.

TURN page—For entry coupon

ARABESQUE CONTEST cont'd

HOW TO ENTER

There are no less than 50 consolation prizes to be won in this FREE contest. All the prizes will be selected from the Generation boutique.

What you have to do to enter the contest is simple—and fun. On the coupon are eight reasons why we think Sophia Loren is the world's top female star. All you have to do is use your skill and judgment to decide in which order of importance they should come. If, for instance, you think Sophia is a top star mainly because of her "Great beauty," put 1 in the space provided. If you think her "Skill as a comedienne" is of next importance, put 2 and so on.

An expert panel will judge all entries received. The employees of Sackville Publishing Limited, Rank Theatres Limited and Generation Limited, and members of their families, are not eligible to enter the contest.

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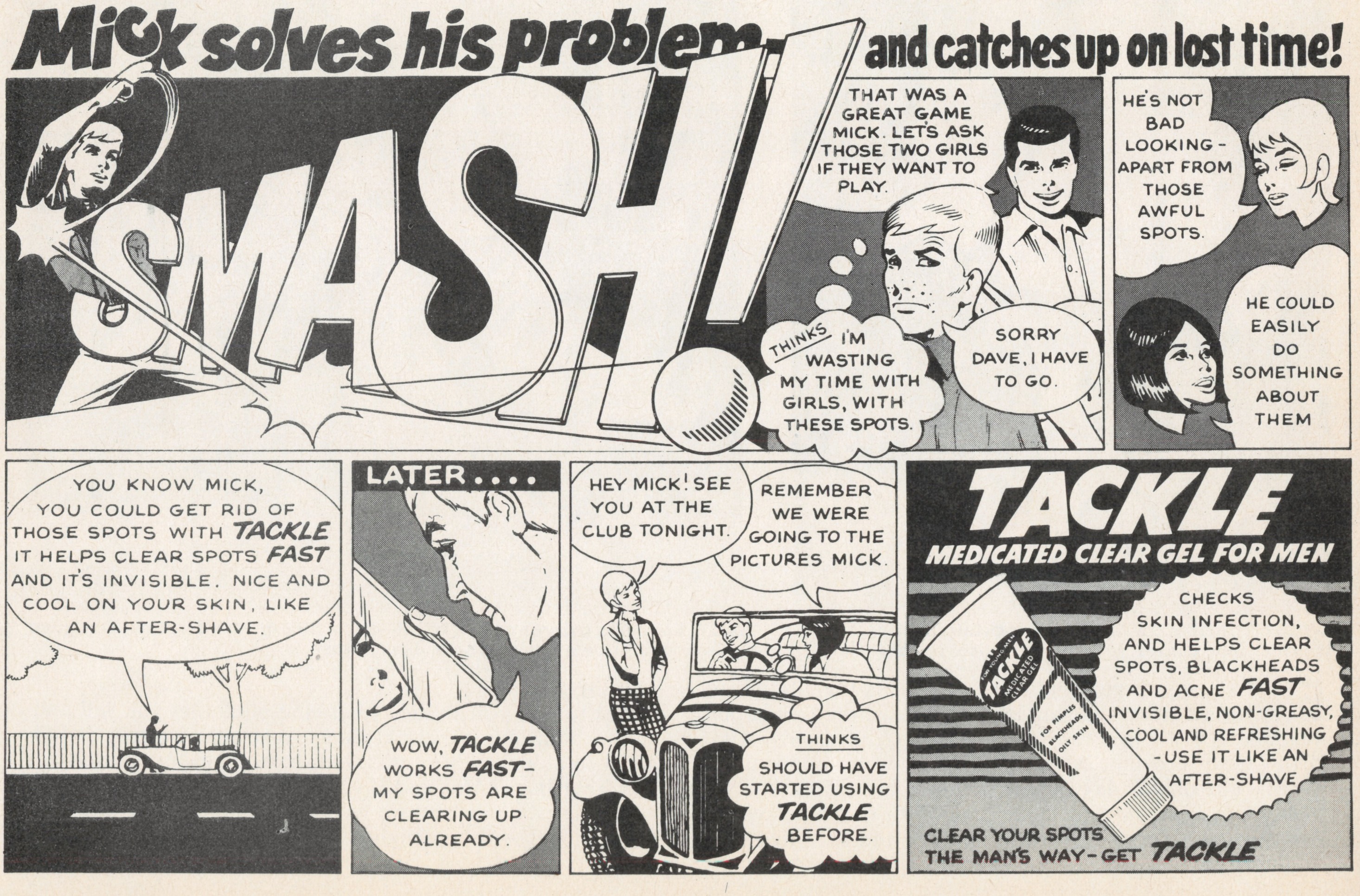
Mick solves his problem—and catches up on lost time!
SMASH!
THAT WAS A GREAT GAME MICK. LET'S ASK THOSE TWO GIRLS IF THEY WANT TO PLAY.
THINKS I'M WASTING MY TIME WITH GIRLS, WITH THESE SPOTS.
SORRY DAVE, I HAVE TO GO.
HE'S NOT BAD LOOKING - APART FROM THOSE AWFUL SPOTS.
HE COULD EASILY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM
YOU KNOW MICK, YOU COULD GET RID OF THOSE SPOTS WITH TACKLE IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST AND IT'S INVISIBLE. NICE AND COOL ON YOUR SKIN, LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE.
LATER....
WOW, TACKLE WORKS FAST- MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP ALREADY.
HEY MICK! SEE YOU AT THE CLUB TONIGHT.
REMEMBER WE WERE GOING TO THE PICTURES MICK.
THINKS SHOULD HAVE STARTED USING TACKLE BEFORE.
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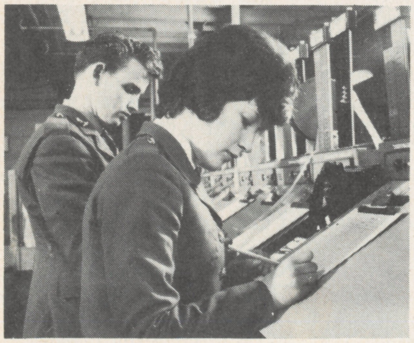
CLEAR YOUR SPOTS THE MAN'S WAY - GET TACKLE

THIS GIRL
THIS UNIFORM AND
A COMPLETELY
NEW KIND
OF LIFE



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the Lady and the

EXCLUSIVE!

The inside story of how London's little Aussie girl . . . came, saw and conquered Spain's greatest idol . . .

"SPANISH men are brought up with strange ideas. A woman is not really a person. A Spaniard sees a girl and thinks: *Will she look good behind a stove?* So there you are, a pretty apron, a bit of make-up and a flipping old stove." Annette Andre, a diminutive blonde, gets more and more Spanish every day.

Snatched from the TV screen by Beatles' director, Richard Lester, Annette spent the better part of five months in the trumped-up Rome of Mel Frank's *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*—her biggest role to date. Annette's attentions are sought by Michael Crawford, and she shares honours with comics Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers and the late Buster Keaton.

"I like romantic people. Latin men are marvellous, but you've got to be firm with them. Spanish girls conform. It's their fault the men are like they are. A woman can hold on to a man by being interesting."

All those interested in being interesting, take heed. Annette knows what she's talking about. This Australian-born lass bagged the next thing to Spanish royalty—Manuel Benitez, top Spanish matador and highest paid fighter in the history of the bullring. El Cordobes to the fans, he's simply Manolo to Annette.

How she did it is anyone's guess. Annette doesn't even know herself. But whatever the secret, it worked like a charm. Previous contenders fell by the wayside, including several would-be models, Spanish songbird Marisol and *Dr. Zhivago*'s own Geraldine Chaplin. Manolo doesn't like her pet pythons!

"In the ring, he's a figure, something that stands out," smiles Annette. "There's a quality about him." El Cordobes is the man of the hair. His talent has long been a point of controversy among more knowledgeable fans, but his popularity is undeniable. El Cordobes' hair-cuts are all over the place, the film and record industry have brought him to near-deification and his bow-legged walk is imitated by novice members of the profession. He's a Spanish James Dean, a rough-cut glamour boy and an enigma. Last year, at the age of 29, he taught himself to read and write.

Annette met the phenomenon for the first time "with a handful of people" in his much unpublicised Madrid apartment. "I thought he was very slight. When you see him up close, he somehow looks smaller than he does in the ring. I'm mad keen for bullfighting and I'd seen him fight many times so we talked about bulls—and films. He's made three, mostly in Andalusian (Spanish with a southern accent). He's a sweet boy and such fun. Manolo can't really be called a typical Spaniard."

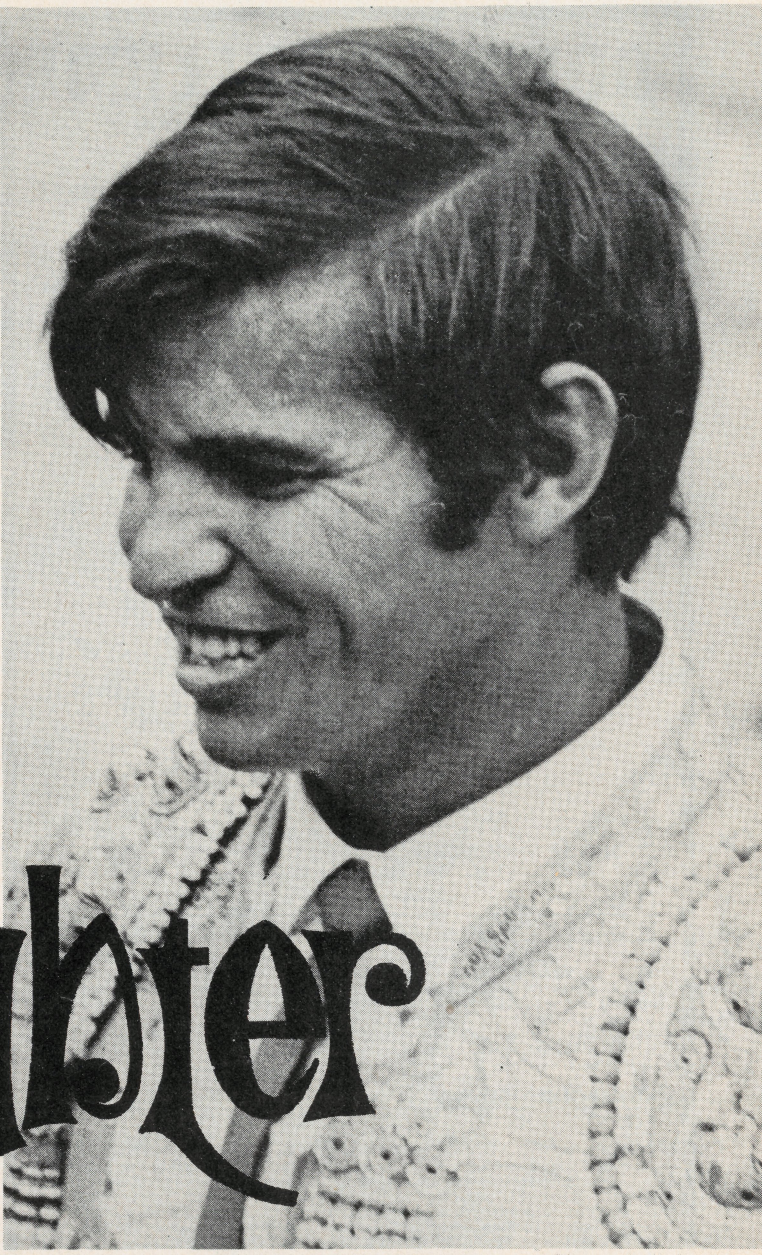
A few days later, Annette took off from the film and drove to Cordoba for a house-party inaugurating El Cordobes' palatial country house. Nestling in acres of pasture, the two-storey *finca* was splashed all over the Spanish press, guest list and all. But no romance, not a hint or a clue because neither wanted publicity. Their private life remained just that. Annette stomped her feet to the strains of flamenco and learned a few off-beat passes with the help of a professional. Three days later they flew back to Madrid in Manolo's private plane.

When El Cordobes left for a whirl-wind tour of South America, Annette stayed at home and studied Spanish. "It takes a while to get used to, particularly the Andalusian part and my grammar is up the pole." She didn't go out with friends from the film because "I try not to get stuck with people in my business."

Shortly after, the Spanish capital was shaken by the news that El Cordobes was in a Madrid hospital for major surgery on a troublesome right shoulder. The tour was cancelled, half a million dollars went down the drain, and future fights were postponed for at least three months.

Annette, like some Florence Nightingale, packed off the patient to Cordoba and minutes later left for London to star with Roger Moore in *The Saint*.

bullfighter



ALL SMILES. Annette Andre tries a little flamenco (left) on a date with El Cordobes. For the highest-paid matador in Spanish history, it is a rare evening out.

Success has been sudden and the little lady is getting itchy feet. "I feel like leading a gay, abandoned, reckless life; in fact, I'm ready to fly to New York, Acapulco, you name it. When I make up my mind to do something, I do it straightaway and this year I'm going to America." *Forum*'s New York premiere could be the beginning, but Spain is where her heart is and she's the first to admit it.

And El Cordobes? He's back in the ring with four or five fights a week (he earns £700,000 a year!), plus a rigorous training programme which leaves little room for honey-blonde playmates.

"When Manolo is fighting like this I'd rather be off working," says Annette. "I wouldn't be able to see very much of him anyway. And I do still have my career to think of."

So love has to take second place to the bulls, but Annette's two-bedroomed apartment in Madrid has a long lease, and there's nothing to stop her taking an occasional week end back home at her new base.

Will Annette give up the glory and settle for a flipping old stove? One thing is sure. Nobody's talking and nobody knows —but everyone's watching.

BARBARA BARKER

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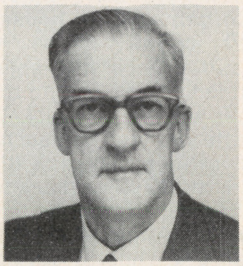

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The Royal Air Force

FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

Arabesque

Not since *Charade* has there been a comedy-thriller as clever as *Arabesque*. Stanley Donan—who was responsible for *Charade*—also made this Sophia Loren-Gregory Peck movie and he must take most of the credit for its success. Good as the stars are, it is the zip-along direction that really keeps you spell-bound in your seat.

In *Arabesque* it's Peck who is in trouble. He is involved in plans for the assassination of a Middle Eastern prime minister when, as a Professor of Ancient Languages, he is told to decipher an ancient Hashimite inscription.

Before long, Peck realises the request is not as innocent as it seems and he's in the centre of a very sticky situation. And who should be luring him on but the gorgeous Sophia, looking as much like a spy as Charlie's Aunt. Not that this matters one jot. Soon she's batting on the right side and between them they run the rogues a merry chase.

Magnificently photographed around London, *Arabesque* is all fun. Stanley Donan has done it again!

TROUBLE . . . everywhere for Sophia and Peck in *Arabesque*.

The Rare Breed

Jimmy Stewart gets himself into all kinds of scrapes when, in his new film, *The Rare Breed*, he's involved with two English ladies who bring a Hereford bull to Texas to start a new strain.

Jimmy meets the ladies—Maureen O'Hara (below) and her daughter, Juliet Mills—at the St. Louis National Stockmen's exposition of 1884.

When Stewart gets himself into a scrape with one of the cowpokes a free-for-all follows and the bull gets loose. He tries to catch it but, as he soon discovers, it's not so easy to come to grips with the hornless Hereford . . .

TO page 37

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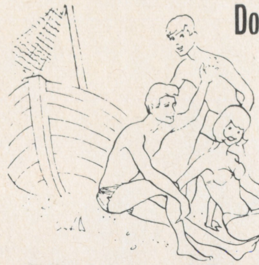

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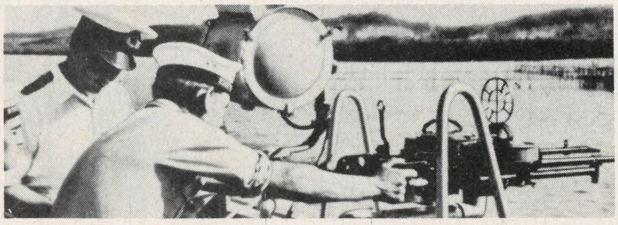

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FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

FROM page 35

Khartoum

General Charles Gordon was an extraordinary man. He was, in fact, one of Britain's greatest military heroes. And now part of his story—the last, most dramatic part—can be seen on the big screen in *Khartoum*. Charlton Heston stars as the General; and is quite faultless, particularly in his accent.

The events which the film admirably covers took place in the Sudan 80 years ago. Prime Minister Gladstone sent Gordon with one man only to evacuate 13,000 Egyptians from the hands of the fanatical Muslim leader, the Mahdi.

The Mahdi had just massacred a British Colonel and his 10,000 untrained Egyptian troops and the fanatic's intentions were clear. "I will," he told Gordon, "take Khartoum and the streets will run with blood and every man, woman and child will die."

Gordon soon realises the enormity of his task and when he learns that the Mahdi's men have cut a telegraph wire to Cairo and killed 5,000 people at Berber, he knows a siege is inevitable.

Although in real life the Mahdi and Gordon never came face to face they did write to each other, and their meeting in the film is an exciting extension of their correspondence.

Gordon meets his enemy when he rides unarmed into his camp. The Mahdi's followers want to kill Gordon but the leader restrains them and Gordon leaves unharmed. However, before he goes, the Mahdi gives his warning: "I will take Khartoum . . ."

The Dick Tatham Column

FROM page 22

could. So I finally got my way on that. Out went the line '*What are you doing on the Ponderosa?*' And it never came back.

"Everyone else in the basic cast started pitching it the same way. We all argued about anything we felt didn't add up. We put in things that weren't in the script. We began portraying the *Bonanza* folk as simple, ordinary people. Then—after a couple of months or so—everything seemed to slip into gear. The show developed a wonderful teamwork which has been responsible for TV viewers all over the world rushing to their sets when it's *Bonanza* time. And I'm far from bored with old Ben . . ."

There is, of course, far more to Lorne's career than *Bonanza*. On stage, he has played many lead roles in Shakespeare. Also, in 1958, he coped with *seven* parts in a touring version of *Edwin Booth* in America.

On TV his pre-*Bonanza* activities included a highly-praised appearance as Big Brother in an American version of *1984*, and the role of Grant Mitchell in *Sailor Of Fortune*. Then he made such films as *The Silver Chalice*, *Peyton Place* and *The Buccaneers*.

As if that isn't enough, Lorne has done quite well as a disc singer! Last year he edged into the British charts with his version of the cowpoke ballad, *Ringo* (nothing to do with the Beatles), after it had hit the Top Ten in the States. And Decca has recently issued an EP of his powerful, deep-voiced singing.

What sort of man is Lorne? "I am basically like Ben Cartwright: I believe in living life to the full and I love people. I also get a great kick out of travelling—especially in Europe."

"I keep fit by swimming and playing plenty of tennis. That keeps my weight under control. At least, it does anywhere else but Spain. There I took off seven pounds with swimming and tennis—and put on nine pounds eating paella. Mental activity? My wife, Nancy, and I are learning Spanish—but our accent is strongly influenced by our housekeeper, who is Argentinian!

"Social life? We get quite a bit of it. We entertain twice a week at our home in California. Twice a week we go visiting. We play a lot of bridge, Nancy and I. Trouble is, I taught her the game and now she is a better player than I am. Goddammit, that burns me up. It really burns me up!"

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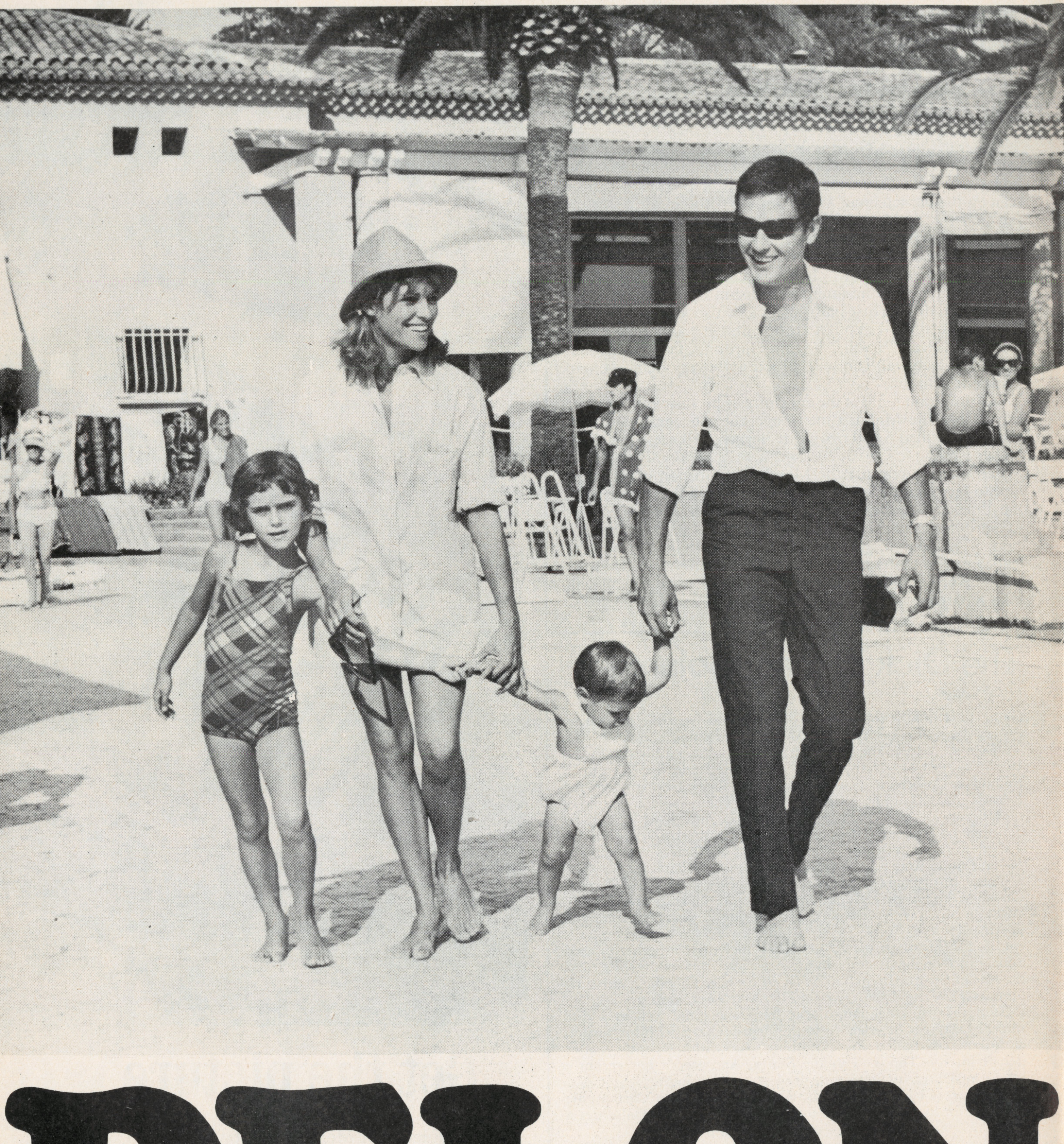


DELON

OFF DUTY

THE sun is high . . . breezes, like the bevy of bikinis all around, are down to a minimum . . . the air is warm and cosseting. This is Monaco, tiniest kingdom in the world, and the graceful setting chosen by Alain Delon for a swift holiday with his family.

The busy French star has a short break from the chore of making *Lost Command* in Madrid and he's taking every advantage of it, relaxing with his attractive wife, Nathalie, her daughter (also called Nathalie)—from her previous marriage and the little bundle of Delon dynamics, Anthony. "He's a brave boy," boasts Alain. "He loves the water and refuses all aids to swimming, other than his legs and arms . . ."

Delon's is a familiar face in Monaco—and not just from film-posters. He's been a constant visitor to this Rivieria haunt de-luxe since he first turned his back on such penurious occupations as porter, office-boy, salesman, waiter and even part-time boxer to join the hot-shots of the Paris film scene.

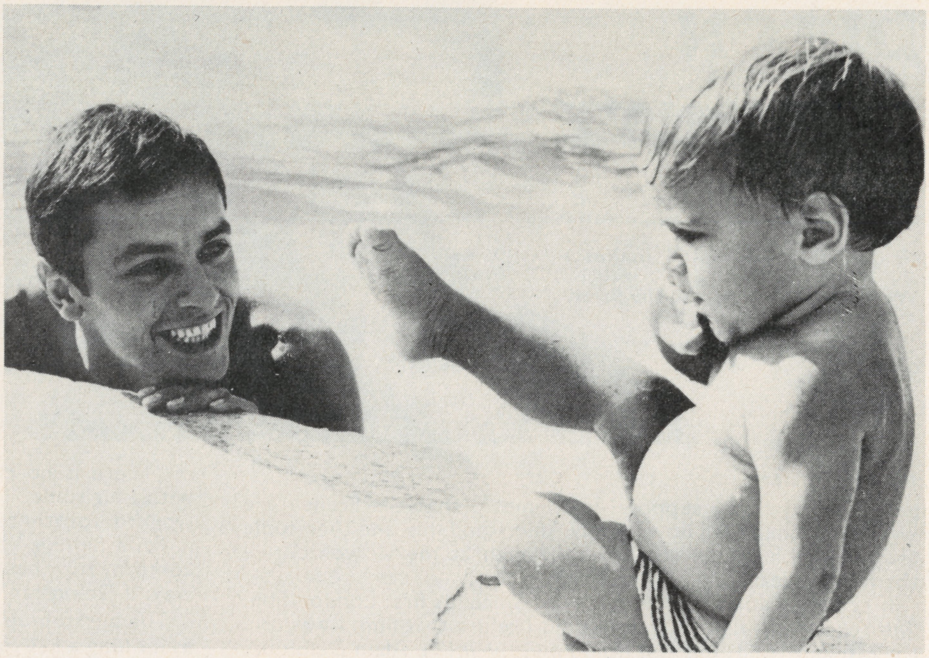
Now, of course, he's an international name as well—which has cost him much of his home following. The French don't altogether approve of their star moving on . . .

"Their general reaction can be summarised in one sweet and simple word," says a suddenly grim Delon. "And that word is: *Traitor*! I don't pretend to understand it and am sorry that people outside my own country like me better than my own people. It is a sad feeling, I tell you. But it's not my fault."

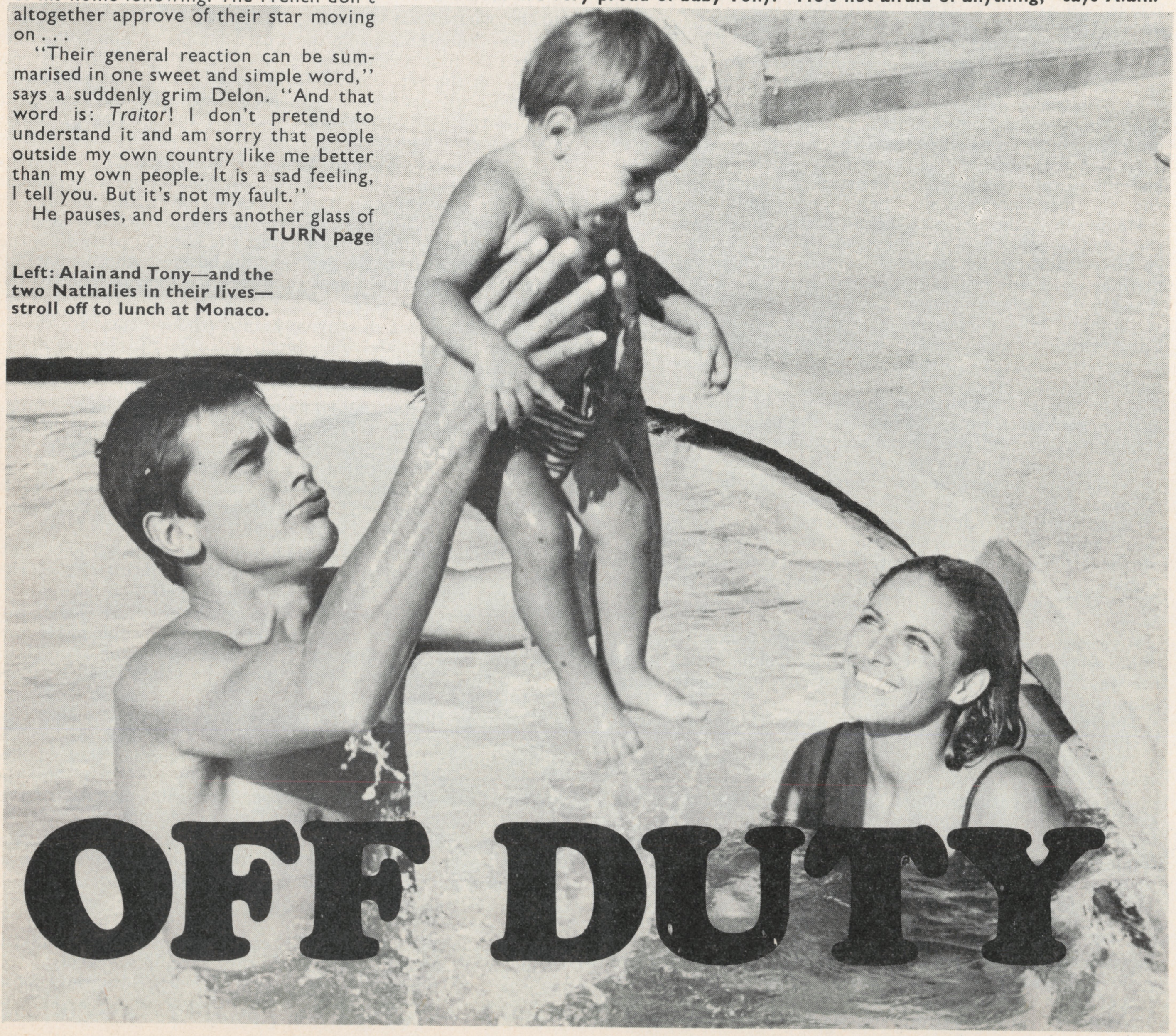
He pauses, and orders another glass of

TURN page

Left: Alain and Tony—and the two Nathalies in their lives—stroll off to lunch at Monaco.



The Delons are very proud of baby Tony. "He's not afraid of anything," says Alain.



DELON OFF DUTY

ON-DUTY AGAIN: Alain fulfils his grand ambition and makes a Western—*Texas Across The River*, with Dean Martin.

FROM overleaf

pastis. "Basically, I suppose, it all means that the French are waiting for me to fall down in my American films, and then come crawling back home, so they can laugh at me. I won't give them that pleasure. . . ."

It certainly doesn't look that way. Since his first London film, *The Yellow Rolls-Royce* ("How could I refuse that film. I was told the cast and I said: *this is a train I must be in*!"), Alain Delon has done everything to improve both his English and his high standard of work. He has gone from strength to strength, from *Once A Thief* with Ann-Margret, to his first Western, *Texas Across The River*, with Dean Martin.

In between he shapes up quite superbly to Anthony Quinn and George Segal in *Lost Command*—a brutal drama about the French at war in Indo-China and then Algeria. Of the famous 'Paras' in the film, he comments: "I know them well. I was drafted to Indo-China when I was 18."

He was very nearly killed there in fact—being inside Saigon's Majestic Hotel when it fell under attack. "A cliche, I know, but the army made a man of me. They did not find it easy."

He swallows the last of a second *pastis*, then waves away a third and switches to whisky instead. "I was a real rebel in my youth—in and out of about 17 schools. My first year in the Marines was spent mainly in hospital or jail. As a punishment, they shaved my head five times in all!

"In Indo-China, during our night patrols behind enemy lines, I discovered what was meant by the law of the jungle and self-preservation. I began to realise why I had been involved in so many fights as a kid. . . ."

Delon was promoted three times—only to be busted down again in rank each time. "Why? Oh, the usual reasons. Over-staying my leave. Borrowing radio equipment. Once for landing a jeep at the bottom of a river—well, it was a borrowed jeep!"

By the time he was due for demob in 1955, he was back to corporal again. "But as soon as I arrived at Marseilles I was arrested again. I'd kept my service pistol!"

His entry into films was all too simple. While working as a porter in the Les Halles market, he met French actress Brigitte Auber. She invited him and a couple of unkown actors to go to the 1957 Cannes Festival with her. Delon went, was seen by an agent . . . and that was it.

A year later, he was the toast of Paris—the young Paris which dubbed him the French James Dean. But Delon, swiftly wise in the ways and fads of temporary popularity, immediately began widening his scope with more adult and important films.

This move took him mainly to Italy and to leading directors—Visconti for *Rocco And His Brothers* and *The Leopard* and Antonioni for *The Eclipse*. By then, he was a hit with the intelligentsia as well as *les fans*.

When he eventually 'left' France and began to go international, with a huge American-style publicity campaign ("Only Napoleon could have thought up such a campaign," commented one critic), Delon's chief rival in Paris was Jean Paul Belmondo—one of the unknown actors who went with him to Cannes in 1957!

The positions on the home-front are reversed today. Belmondo is firmly entrenched as the No. 1 star in France; Delon comes way behind. Alain continues to film in English around the globe with Hollywood stars and directors; 'Bebel' stays at home, except for locations on his French films, and grunts a steady succession of *nons* to all American and British offers.

"There is no rivalry between us, though," Delon remarks with a big smile. "He prefers his way, I enjoy mine. We recently worked together—something we haven't done since 1957—in *Is Paris Burning?* and I'm happy and so is he. I have my own company now because I want to make the best possible films my way. If Delon can be sold, why not by Delon?"

The big step-up in Delon's career came around the same time as his long and over-publicised romance with German star Romy Schneider broke up. At one time, Delon was known in Britain only because of this affair. By comparison, his courtship of the girl he married was as closely guarded as De Gaulle himself.

Mme. Delon once had a small part in a Delon film. When he started his first production, *Have I The Right To Kill?*, she was always on the set, Burton-Taylor style. With one difference: Delon strictly ordered "*No photos*." This order was relaxed as soon as the happy couple married. And the marriage, like the star, is a *grande success*.

Back at the cafe table in Monaco, Delon sits and toys with his whisky. "Success," he continues, "is not the most important thing for me. The only thing I really like in this business is preparing a picture and acting. To me, acting is the most wonderful thing in my life. I detest the cocktail party side, the contact with many of the people in the business whose mentality I hate. The only time I feel good is when I am in front of the movie-cameras . . ."

The still-current slurs from France (though they are slowly beginning to subside) bite deeply into Delon. He may shrug them aside, but the few friends he has, real friends, know how much he is hurt by his country's attitude to him.

International star though he is, Delon has no plans to change his citizenship. He is French and will remain so. His holiday home is around the corner from Monaco in St. Tropez, where he has a delightful villa called Rebijoie. Guests there are many and varied. They include painter Bernard Buffet and his adorable wife, Annabel. And even Delon's former fiancée, Romy Schneider, and her current beau, Harry Mayen (he's in her new film).

At 31, Delon has made a firm impression on the world of films. He is losing his boyishness, and gaining the necessary maturity he needs. Above all else, he is an exceedingly rich man.

He has three homes, and used to boast three cars as well. But like everyone else he, too, can find parking a problem. He now has two—a cream Chevrolet and a red Triumph. For short jaunts, such as when he's on holiday, he uses a small Japanese motor-cycle.

Delon's future seems certain—as the fastest-rising and most enjoyable French star since the early Chevalier, Boyer and Louis Jourdan. His schedule is full: *Cervantes* with La Lollo; *The Adventurers* in France; and back to Italy and Visconti for the Albert Camus story, *The Stranger*, originally planned to star Curtis, and then Chakiris, until Delon came along.

As we finish talking, the blonde, brown and BB-like Nathalie drives up in the Chevrolet with the children. She's come to pick up Alain, who has a dinner date with friends.

"I have only a few friends here and in the business," says Alain, as he gets up to go. "The only real friends I have now are either policemen or gangsters, because they were not intelligent enough to be anything else when they gave up soldiering."

That certainly can never be said of Delon—the devastator.

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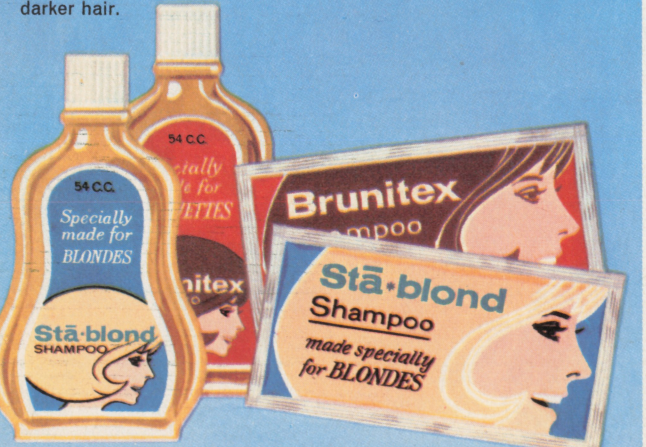
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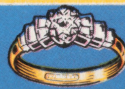
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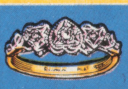
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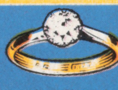
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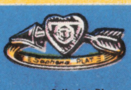
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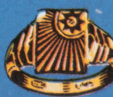
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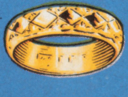
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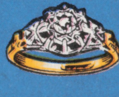
Diamond Solitaire
1st payment 60/6
& 8 mthly payments 64/-
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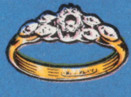
Single Diamond
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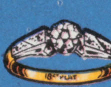
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1st payment 24/-
& 8 mthly payments 18/-
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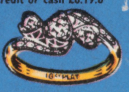
3 Diamonds
1st payment 31/-
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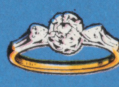
Diamond Solitaire
1st payment 62/-
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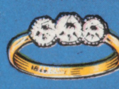
Credit or cash £29.10.0


3 Diamond Ring
1st payment 74/-
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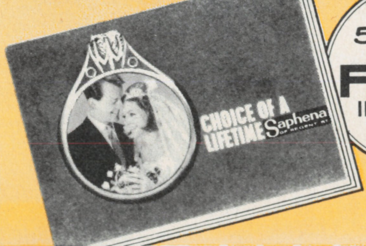

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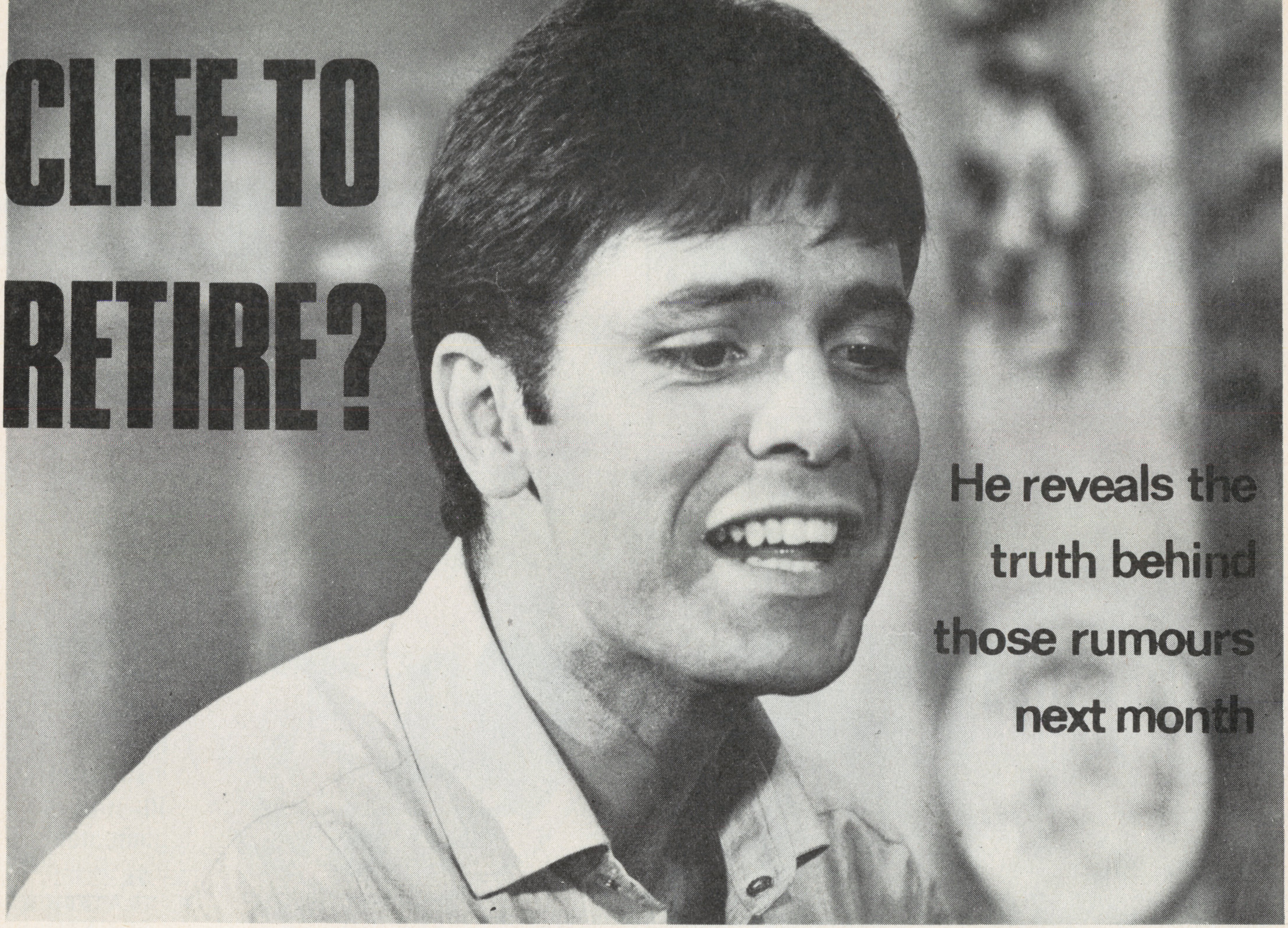

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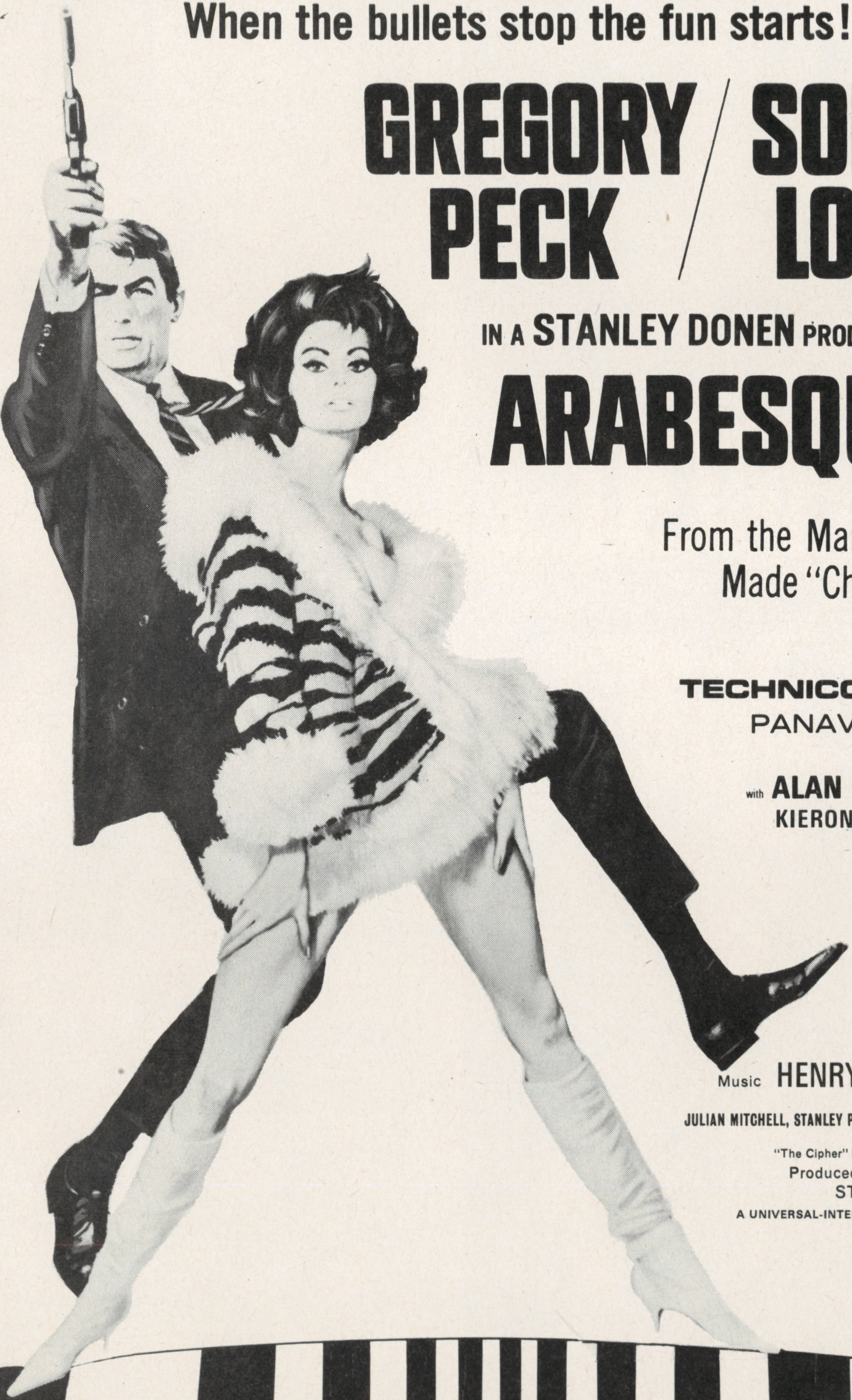

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JULIET MILLS

FROM page 20

wood. Just love it! I love the people and the friendliness and the opportunity that is here. I'm stimulated by Hollywood. Above all else, I'm NOT categorised. Over here, I'm never regarded as one of the rich Mills family. I'm just Juliet Mills. Actress. Independent. And poor. . . ."

Not that she isn't working. Far from it. She has made her first film here, has appeared on television—alongside those debonair men from UNCLE and *A Man Called Shenandoah*—and, when we talked, she was due to return to England for a play, *Lady Windemere's Fan*. While she enjoyed her TV stints, however, it seems she has no wish to star in a TV-series herself.

"Except for Elizabeth Montgomery's part in *Bewitched*, women's parts are awful," she commented. "And what a way they work in TV here. They shoot 15 minutes of screen-time a day—that's a killer!

"Do you know, on *Ben Casey*, for instance, if they complete one week's episode before lunch, they start right ahead on the next one directly after the break? The actors don't even have time to study the new script before they're plunging headlong into some new improbable adventures."

Except, then, for the occasional good role, Juliet is steering clear of television. As in Britain, she is concentrating still on stage and the bigger screen. She has, in fact, recently completed her Hollywood film debut in *The Rare Breed*, with James Stewart and Maureen O'Hara.

"Jimmy Stewart is such a marvellous man," she told me adoringly. "It was a great break for me to be able to play opposite such a wonderful, distinguished and experienced actor like him in my first picture out here."

Her other co-star was a bull. "A very, very British bull, wasn't it?" grinned Juliet, pouring out more tea. "While it would run amok among the cow-punchers, it followed me around like a lamb—when I whistled *God Save The Queen*."

Naturally enough, by the end of the film, the bull gets the cows, Miss O'Hara gets Mr. Stewart, and Juliet wins handsome newcomer, Don Galloway.

It was *Alfie* that brought Juliet to Hollywood. She had won a fine personal success in the Broadway production of the play, which starred Terence Stamp, the friend of the screen-*Alfie*, Michael Caine.

As for the rest of her future, Juliet is concerned only about one aspect: good acting roles. "I'd really go anywhere for a good part," she told me. "Anywhere—South Africa, Australia, Europe, or back to Broadway."

"*Or London?*" I asked.

"Or London," she agreed. "Certainly I'm looking forward to going back to England for the play. But films? I don't know . . . Look at the way they work these days. I mean, if a British producer wants a girl to play the part of, well, let's say a girl from Manchester, what does he do? He goes up to Manchester and finds one—and it doesn't matter if she can't act. . . . It's appalling!"

I suggested that she should have little difficulty in finding good material for herself. She had, after all, a ready-made playwright in her mother, Mary Hayley Bell.

"Well, I asked Mummy to write a play for me once," she recalled with a sad smile. "And she did. But, you know, she's so way out, I really couldn't understand what it was all about!

"What I really want is a simple, straightforward part with a lot of guts in it. A good woman's part. I mean, why can't I play a Cockney whore for once . . . and I'd love to do a musical."

"*You keep in constant touch with your parents, of course?*" I asked. "*How often do you phone them—once a week?*"

"Oh no I don't," she almost shrieked. "I'm too broke to keep phoning London. And, well, I suppose Daddy's having one of his blitzes on toll calls or something, because they never call me."

This, then, is today's Juliet Mills. A strong-willed young woman far removed from the girl of saccharine sweetness in *The Rare Breed*. She's made her plans and she's set her course—to the top.

IAN HAYNES

Study In Terror Contest Winners

The winner of the Showtime *Study In Terror* competition was Mr. Stanley Colk of 21 Northfield Avenue, Rawmarsh, Nr. Rotherham. Mr. Colk won a two-week holiday in Geneva. There were 20 runners-up. A list of the runners-up can be sent to you on request. Please enclose a stamped envelope.

Raquel Welch

In July Showtime a facsimile of Miss Raquel Welch's signature was used to help illustrate a feature on her. The feature was not, of course, by her but written and signed by a Showtime staff man.

Raymondo
and the stars

AQUARIUS, 21st January–19th February
Overcome your scruples and use a little flattery—others will respond. A time for cutting red tape and getting things done. Extra expenditure in the home could leave you broke: this is where savers score.

PISCES, 20th February–21st March
Make a special effort to fall in with someone else's plans. It could be more fun than you expect. Correspondence is now important, both from home and abroad. Don't be tempted to fish for compliments: someone you want to impress won't like it.

ARIES, 22nd March–20th April
When dealing with those in authority more will be achieved by personal contact than by letters and telephone calls. Your impetuosity could stand you in good stead. A recent phase of heavy spending should now be coming to an end. A problem is solved with help from an unexpected source.

TAURUS, 21st April–21st May
Discretion this month is more important than truth: frankness could only hurt someone close to you. A happy time socially is indicated, particularly for the shy ones, but those born under Taurus must curb a restless or adventurous mood if all is to go well at home. An eventful spell when things move fast.

GEMINI, 22nd May–21st June
Business and pleasure don't go together—so beware of getting involved romantically with someone at work. Money matters should be decided now: soon you may not have time to settle these things. The actions of someone close to you may seem a little eccentric.

CANCER, 22nd June–23rd July
Watch out! Spare cash coming your way! Most will have to earn it by extra work, but a few lucky ones will just sit back and win it. Whatever you are aiming at, don't get bogged down with details: it is imperative to keep your goal in mind.

LEO, 24th July–23rd August
Shy Mr. Leo should pop the question now—Venus is smiling on him. Be frank and direct with others or complications in personal affairs could result. A friend or partner could be surprisingly understanding. Someone asks you a favour: do it willingly or not at all.

VIRGO, 24th August–23rd September
People may keep you in the dark and you could feel irritated when your analytical mind is starved of information. Patience should, eventually, be rewarded. A time for dependence on others—you will get very little done alone.

LIBRA, 24th September–23rd October
Black cats are fairly skipping across your path this month, or you must be growing horseshoes in the garden! Whatever it is, the luck is there. Influential, or even wealthy, people could come into your world, bringing a glimpse of a completely different way of life.

SCORPIO, 24th October–22nd November
Money, money, money! Yes, it will play a big part in decisions made during the next few weeks. Gamblers win and then lose the lot. A friend or neighbour's actions or words could hurt you: try to forgive what is only thoughtlessness.

SAGITTARIUS, 23rd November–22nd December
Someone else's good fortune may also benefit you, but don't be tempted to take too much on yourself. Keep those feet firmly on the ground. People and events around you may distract you from your work. Sagittarians should avoid making unnecessary journeys on a Tuesday.

CAPRICORN, 23rd December–20th January
Your integrity will impress someone at work and you could be given more responsibility. Housewives should find that being at home has its compensations. Someone's stubbornness may make things very difficult, so keep your sense of humour to avoid a quarrel.

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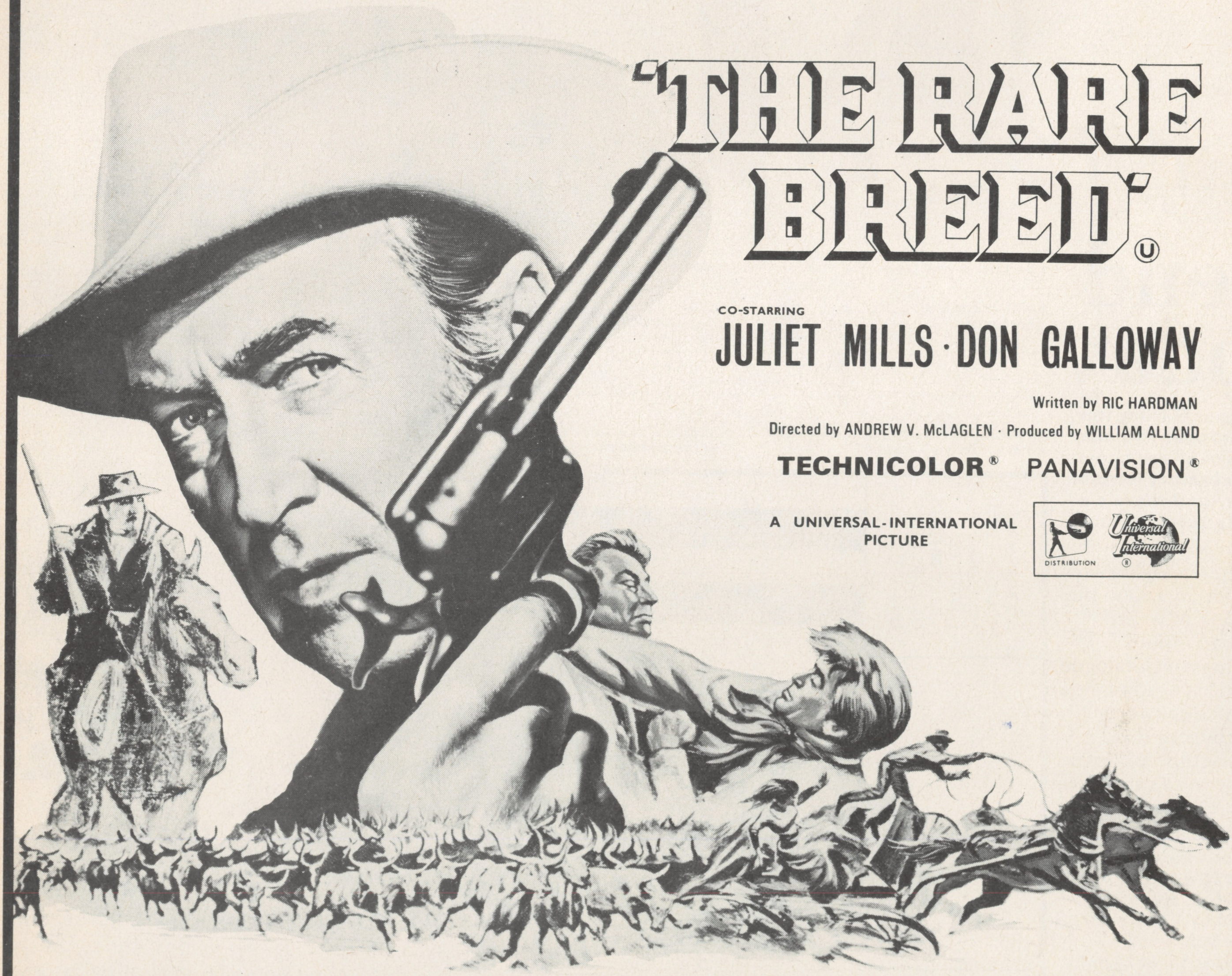

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